Ballus.

In this boke ar cõteynyd.xx.sõges.ix.of.iiii.ptes/and.xi.of thre ptes.

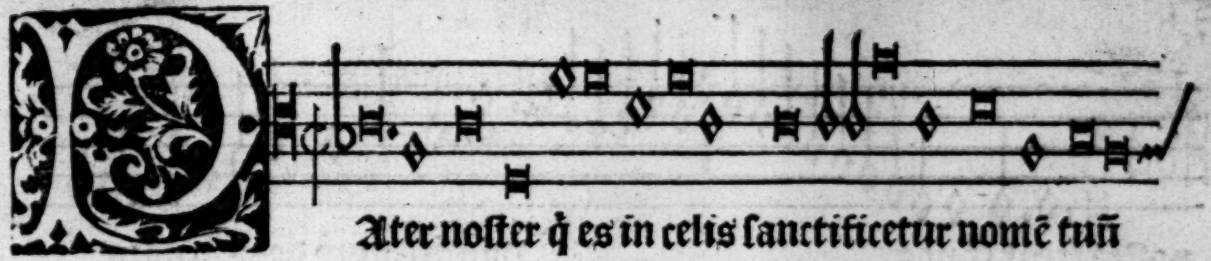
iiii.partes.

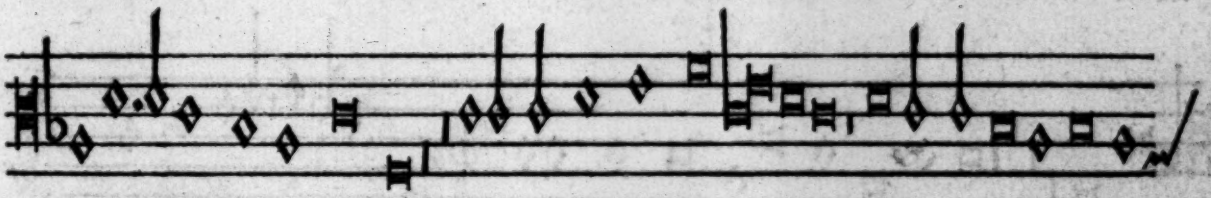
Pater noster Cornysh
By by Pygot
She may be callyd Ashwell
The bella Tauernar
My loue mournyth Gwynneth
Pleasure it is Cornysh
Cõcordãs musycall. Cornysh
Ut re my fa sol la. Fayrfax
Ut re my fa sol la Cowper

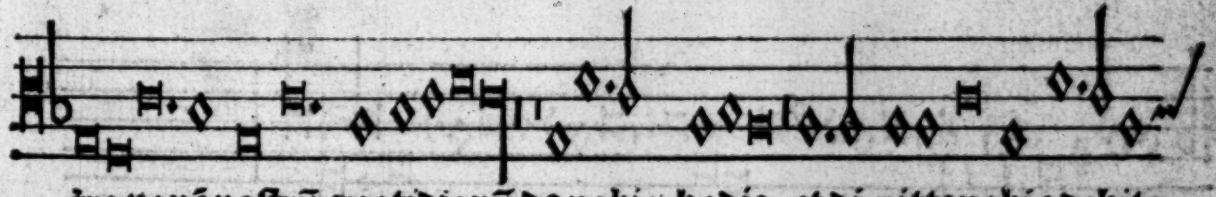
iii partes.

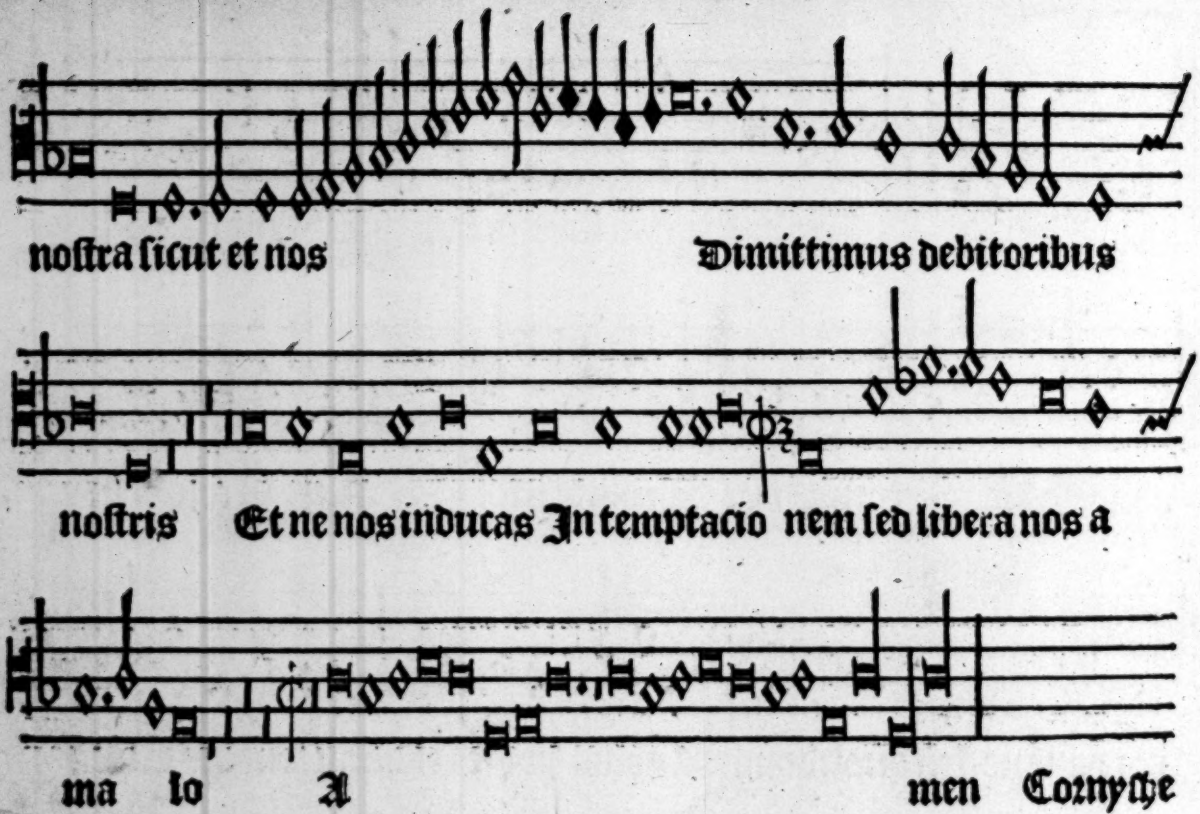
In youth. Cowper
Beware my lytyll fynger
So great vnkyndnes Cowper
who shall haue my fayr lady. Jones
Mynyon goo trym
Joly felow Joly
And wyl ye serue me soo
My harte my mynde Tauernar
Loue wyll I Tauernar
My hartes lust Fayrfax
Fa la soll Cornyshe

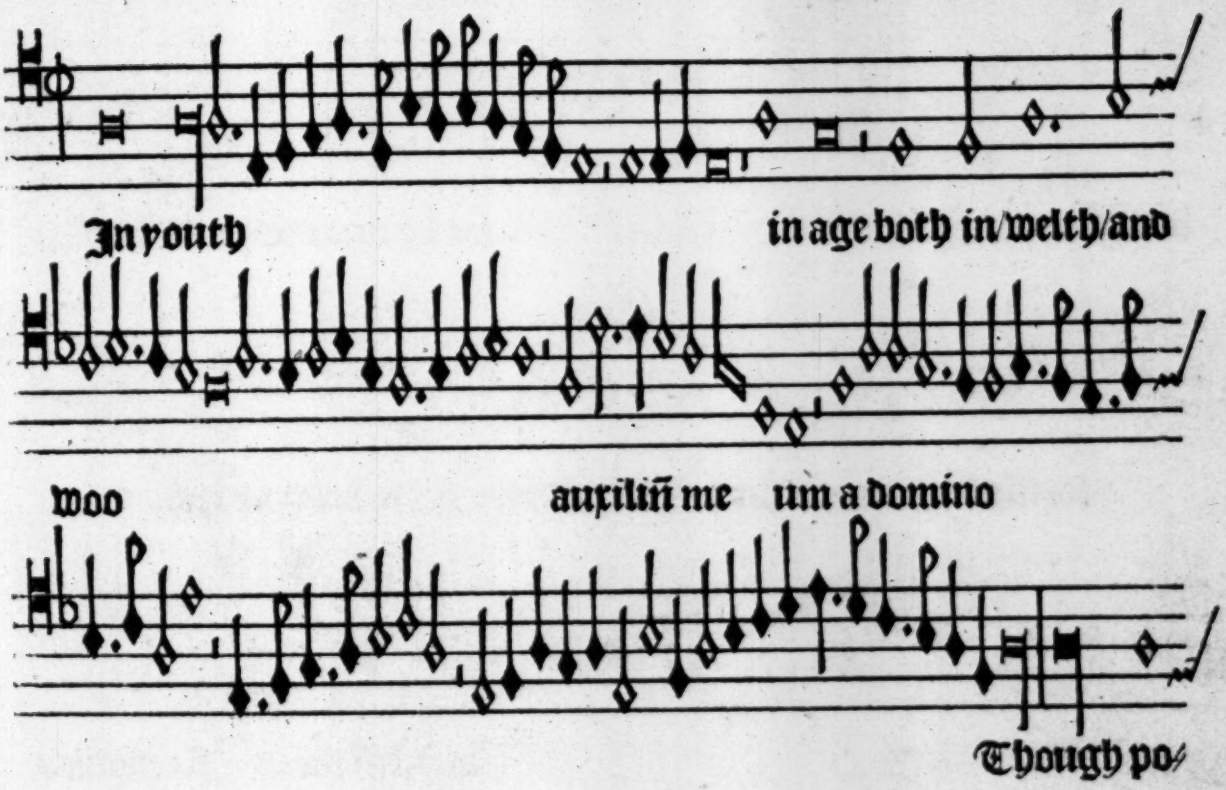
Anno dñi. M.ccccc.xxx. Decimo die mensis Octobris.

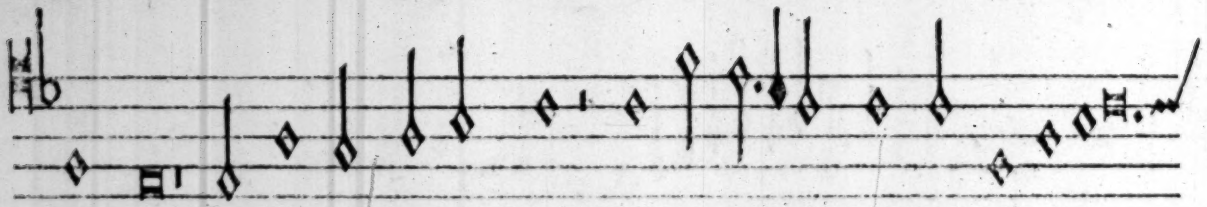

Ater noſter q̄ es in celis ſanctificetur nomē tuū


adueniat regnū tuum fiat voluntas tu a ſicut in celo et in

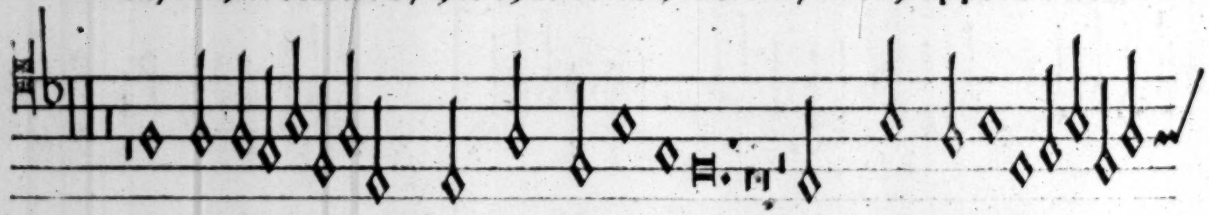

tra panē noſtrū quotidianū da nobis hodie et dimitte nobis debita


nostra sicut et nos
Dimittimus debitoribus
nostris
Et ne nos inducas In temptacio nem sed libera nos a
ma lo
A
men
Comyche

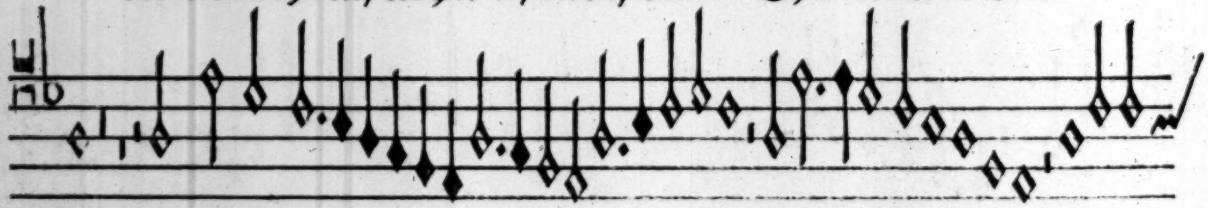

In youth
in age both in welth and
woo
auxiliñ me um a domino
Though po



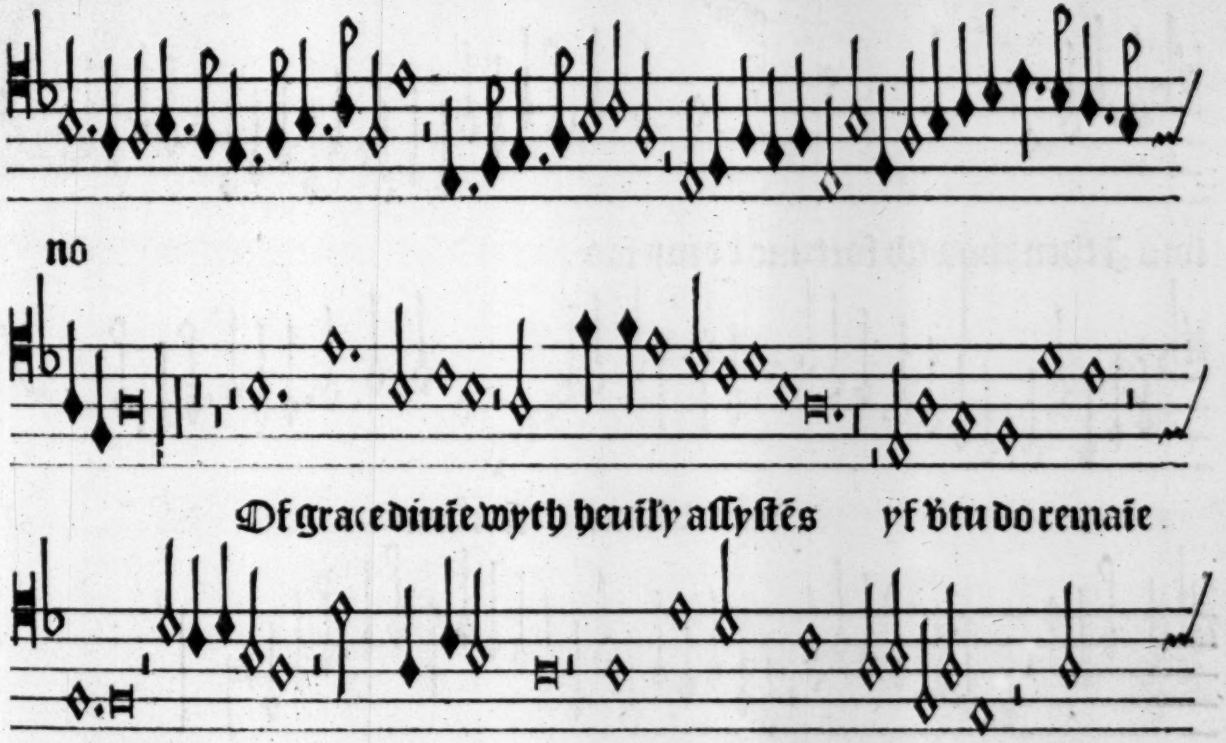
etts fayn that fortũe by her chañce ãd her fre wyl doth oppres ⁊ aduãce



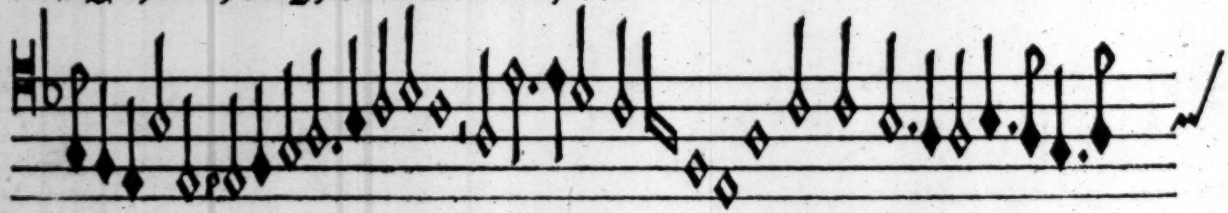
fortũe dothe mysse her wyl ãd lyberte Then trust to vtu



let fortũe go auxiliũ me ũ a domi-

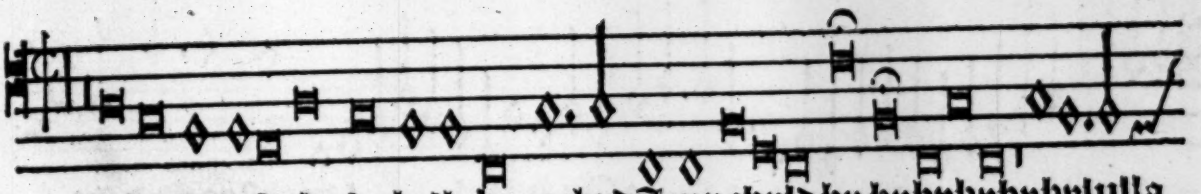

no
Of grace diuie wyth heuily assystēs yf vtu do remaie
vtu all way whē che lyst may call fortūs chaūce a gayn what

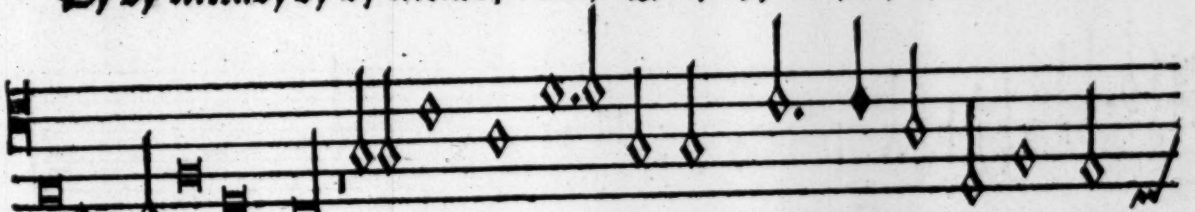
fors I then thowgh fortune be my foo

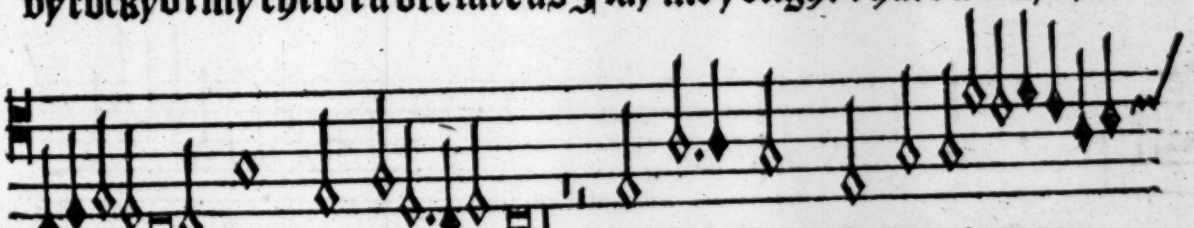


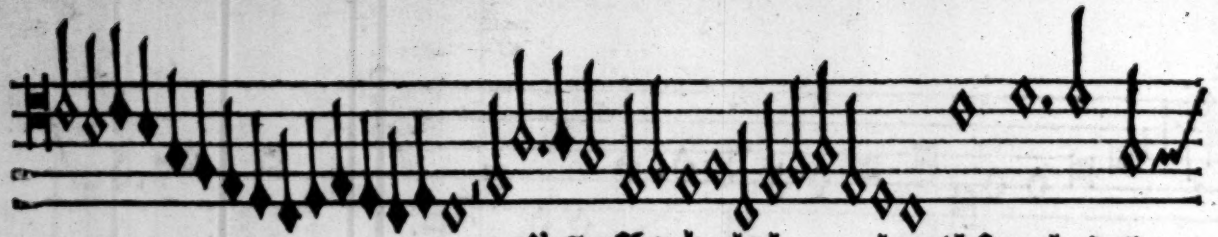
Auxi liñ me ñ a domino

finis. Cowper.

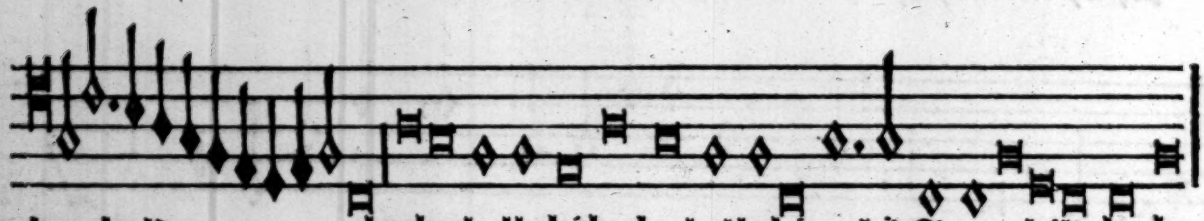

By by lullaby by by lullaby rockyd I my chyld by by by by by by lulla


by rockyd i my child i a dre late as I lay me yongbt i hard a maydyn

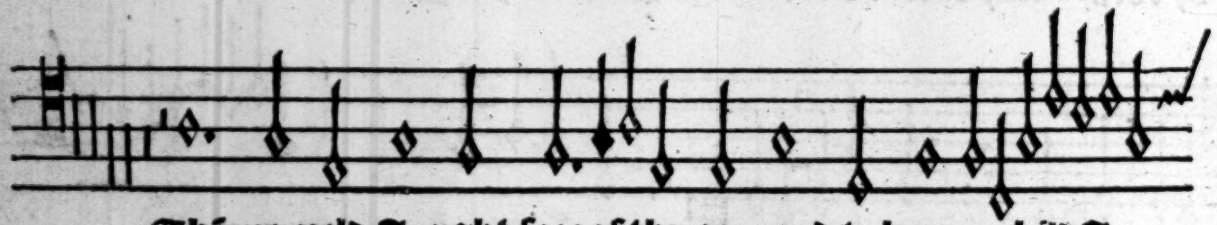

say i spak thes wordys mylde my lytil sone with the i play



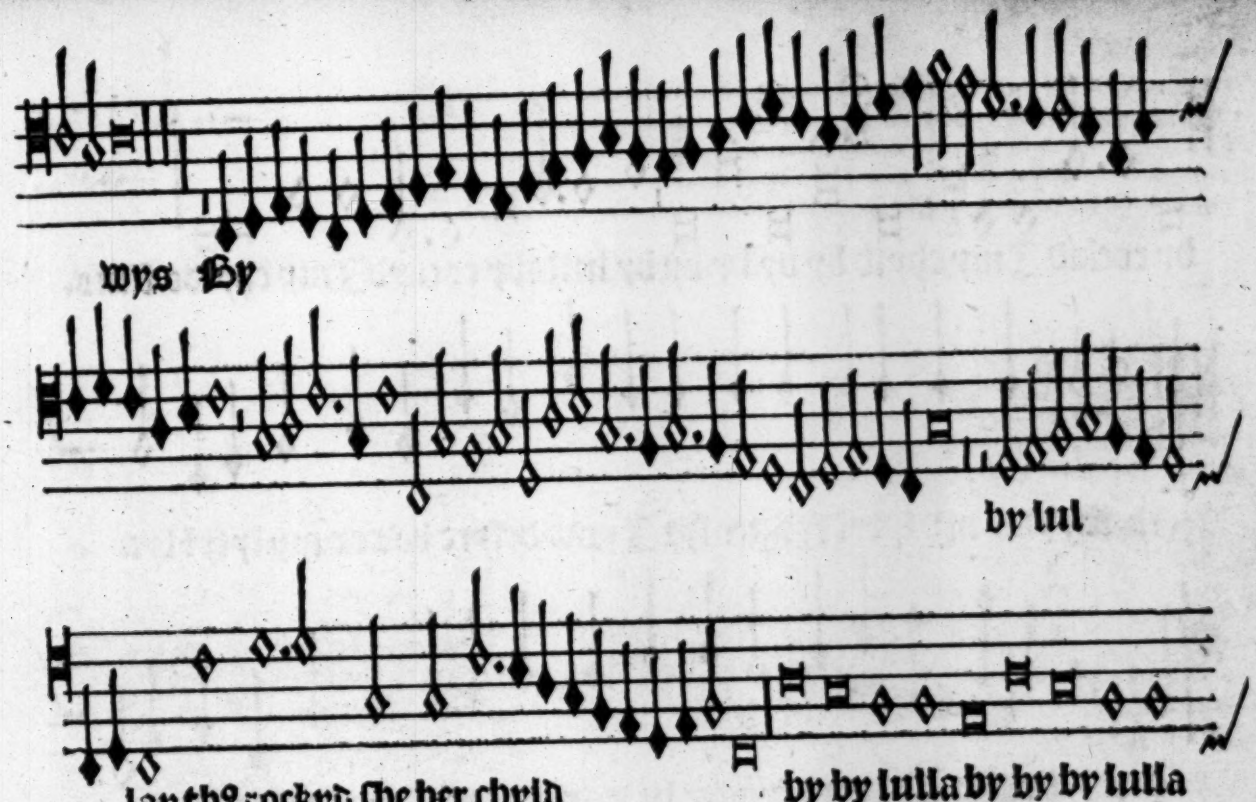
ꝛ eꝟ ſhe ſōg by lul lay thꝰ rockyd ſhe

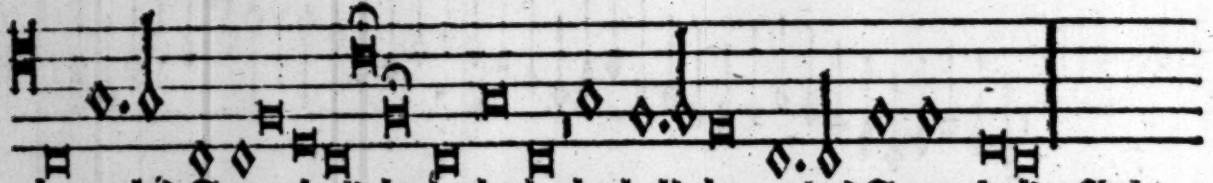


her chyld by by lullabi by by lullabi rockid I my child by by.



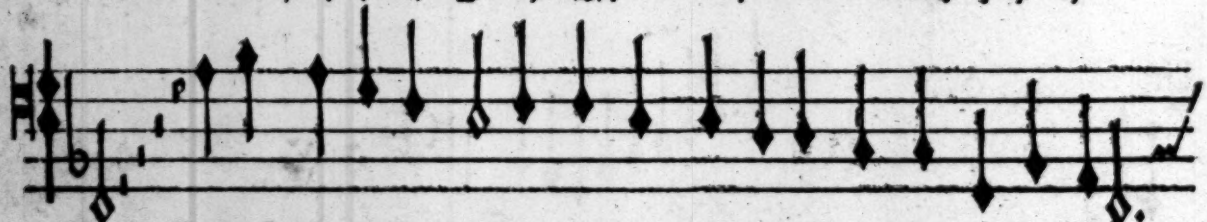
Thē merueld I ryght ſore of thys a mayd to haue a child I


wys By
by lul
lay thy rockyd sche her chyld
by by lulla by by by lulla

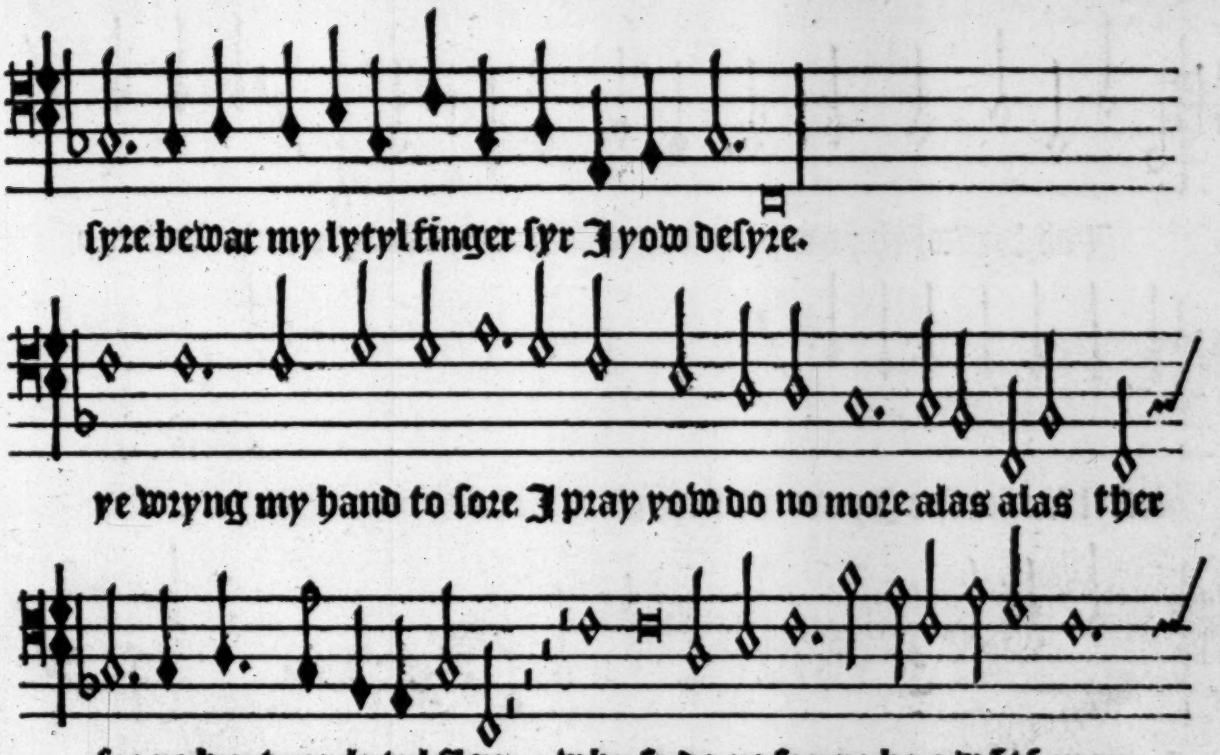


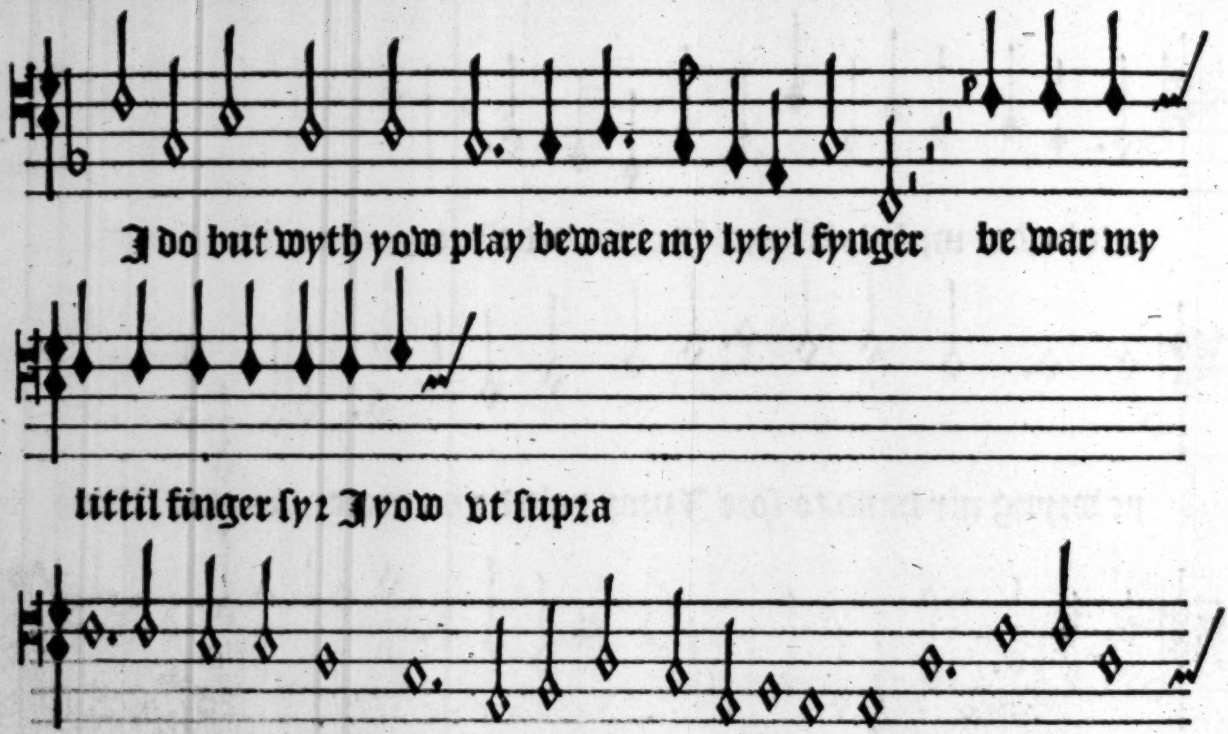
by rockid I my chyld by by by by by lullaby rockyd I my chylde. finis.

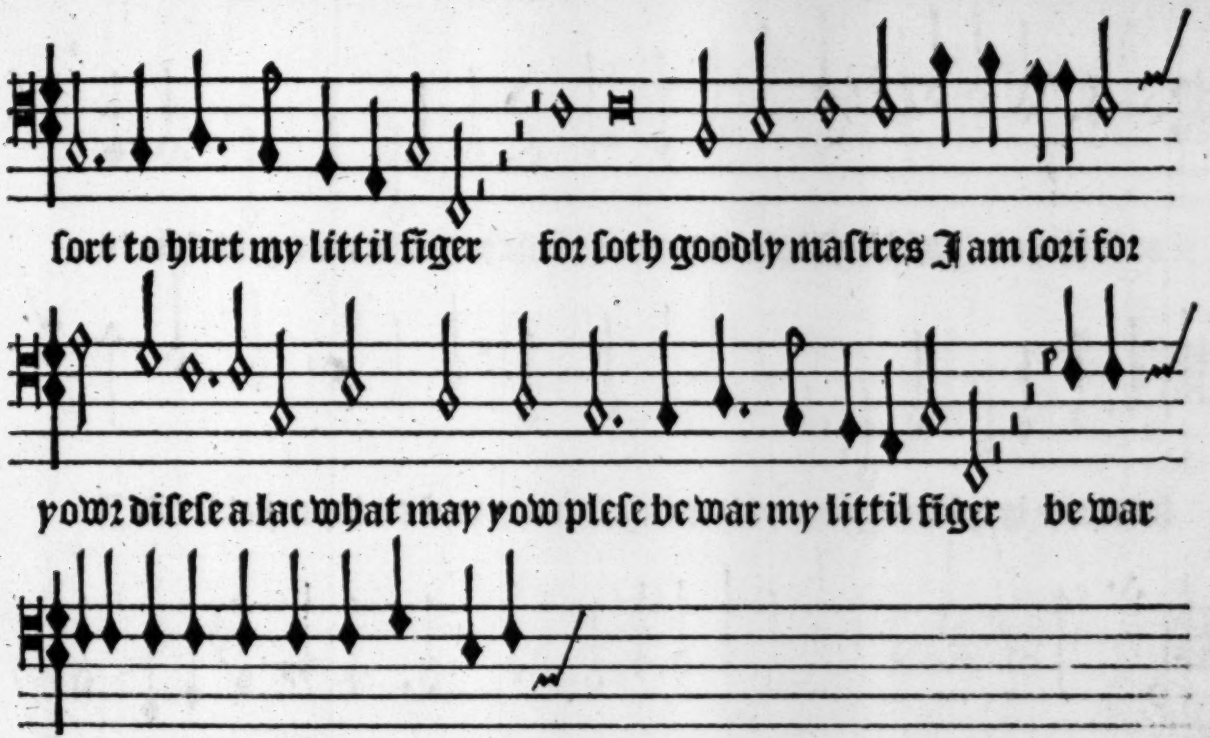
Be war my lytyl fynger syr I yow desyre bewar my lytyl fyn

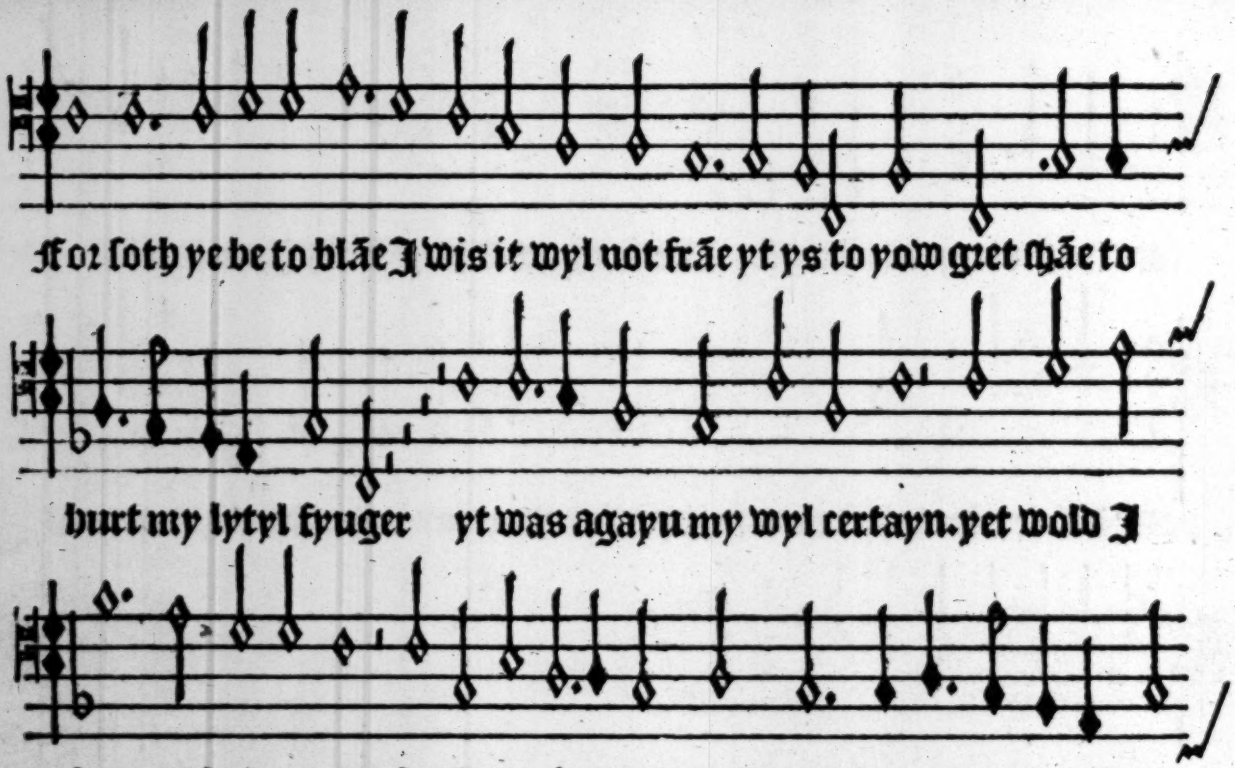


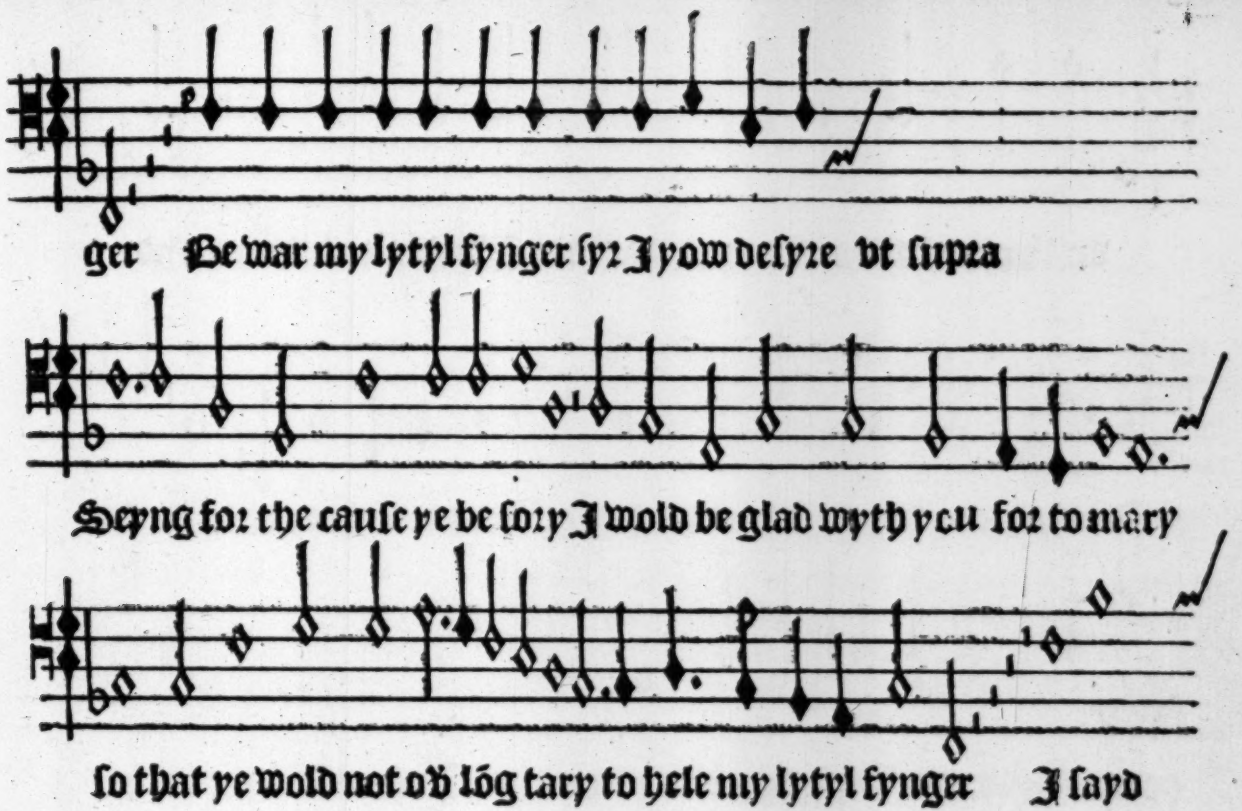
ger bewar my lytyl fynger be war my lytyl fynger syr I yow de

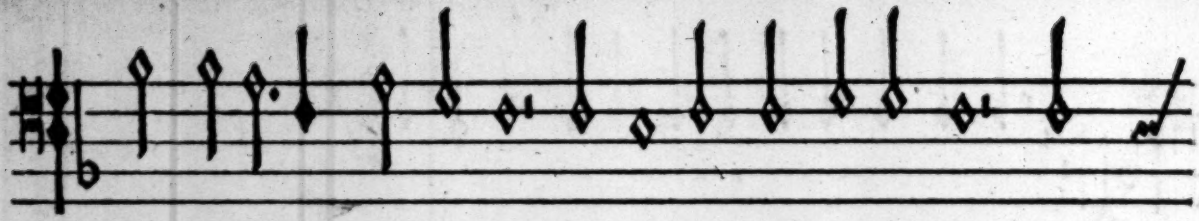

syre bewar my lytyl finger syr I yow desyre.
ye wryng my hand to sore I pray yow do no more alas alas ther
for ye hurt my lytyl figer why so do ye say ye be a wātō may


I do but wyth yow play beware my lytyl fynger be war my
littil finger syr I yow vt supra
Syr no mor of suche sport for I haue littil cõfort of your hether re-

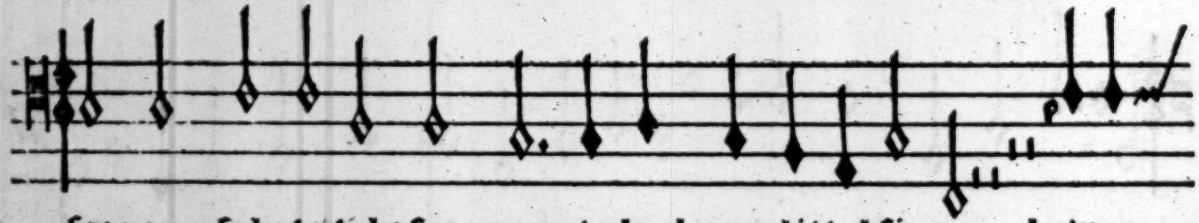

ſort to hurt my littil figer for ſoth goodly maſtres I am ſori for
yowr diſeſe a lac what may yow pleſe be war my littil figer be war
my littil figer ſir I yow deſire. vt ſupra


For soth ye be to blāe I wis it wyl not frāe yt ys to yow gret shāe to
hurt my lytyl fyuger yt was agayu my wyl certayn. yet wold I
haue yt hole agayu for I am sory for your payn bewar my lytyl fyn

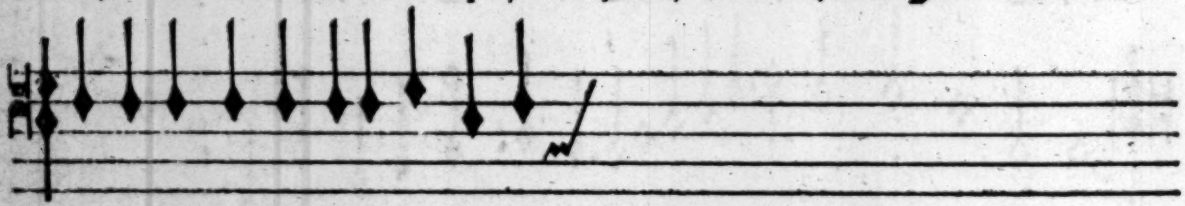

ger Be war my lytyl fynger syr I yow desyre vt supra
Seyng for the cause ye be sory I wold be glad wyth yeu for to mary
so that ye wold not ob lōg tary to hele my lytyl fynger I sayd



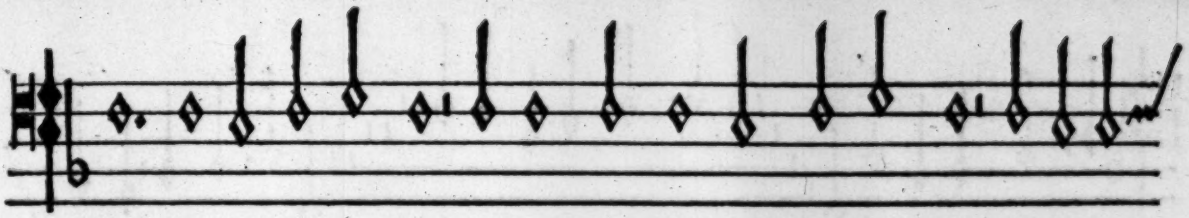
wyth a ioyful harte a gayne of that I wodle be ful fayn and



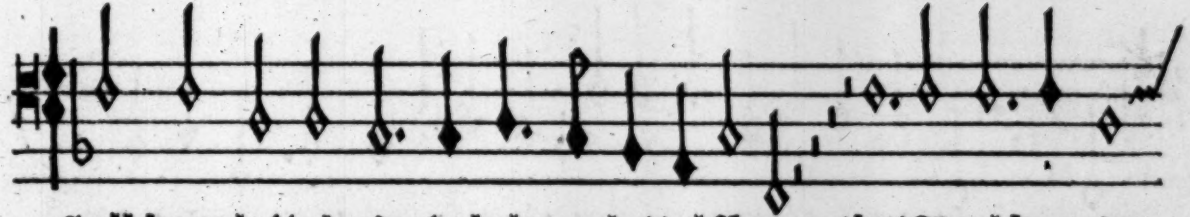
for your sake to take sum payn to heel your littyl finger be war



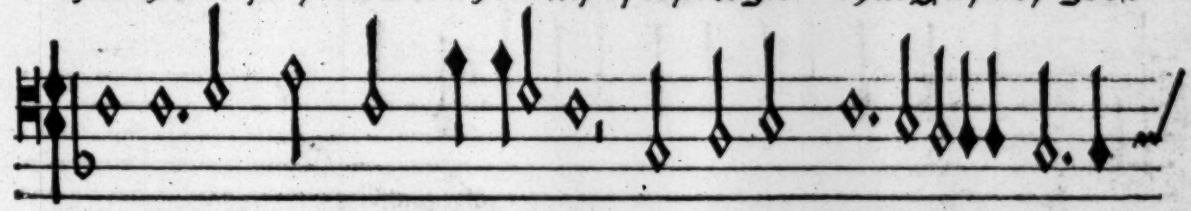
my littyl finger sir i yow desyre. vt supra



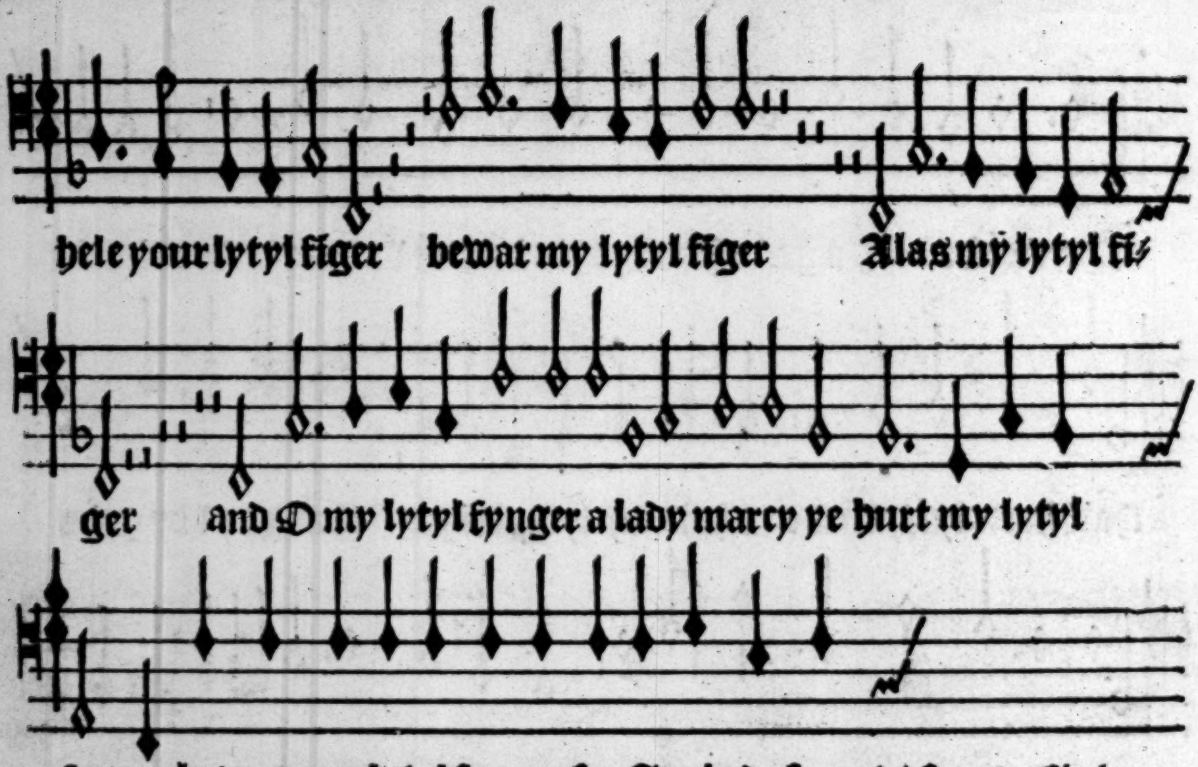
Then we be both a grede I pray yow by owr weddīg wede ⁊ thā we

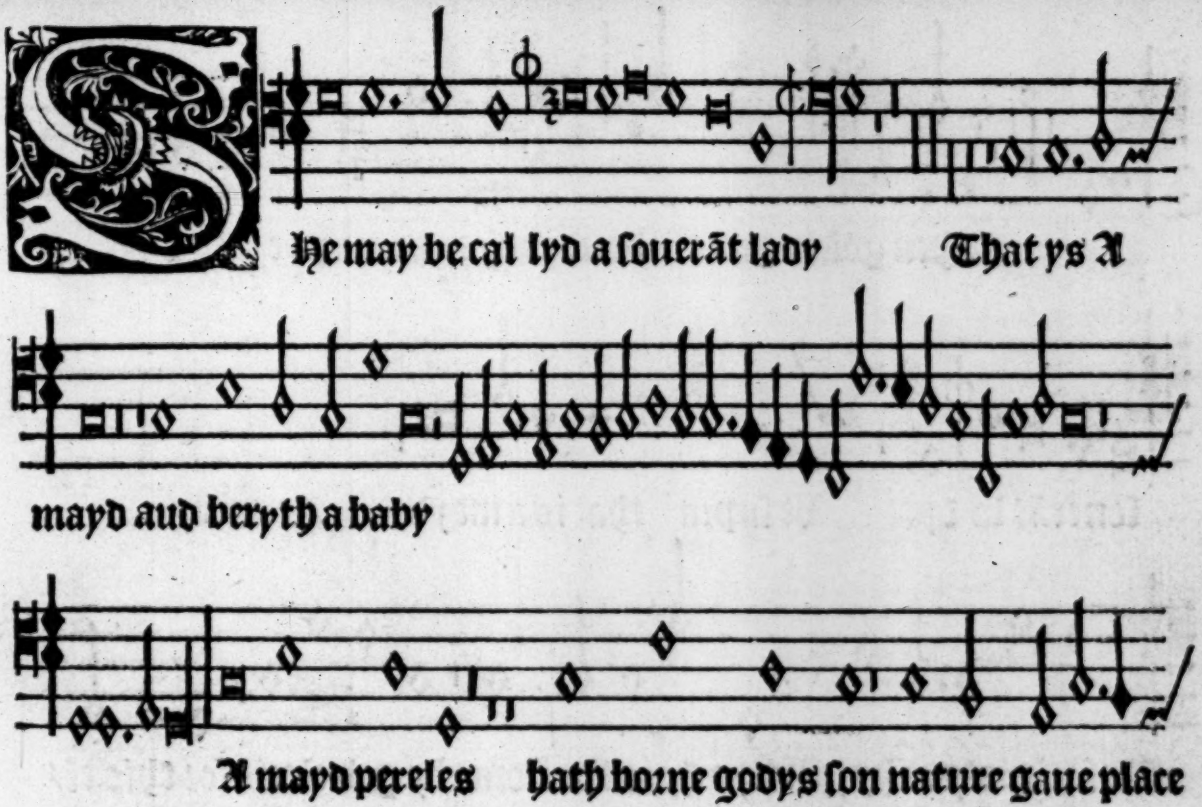


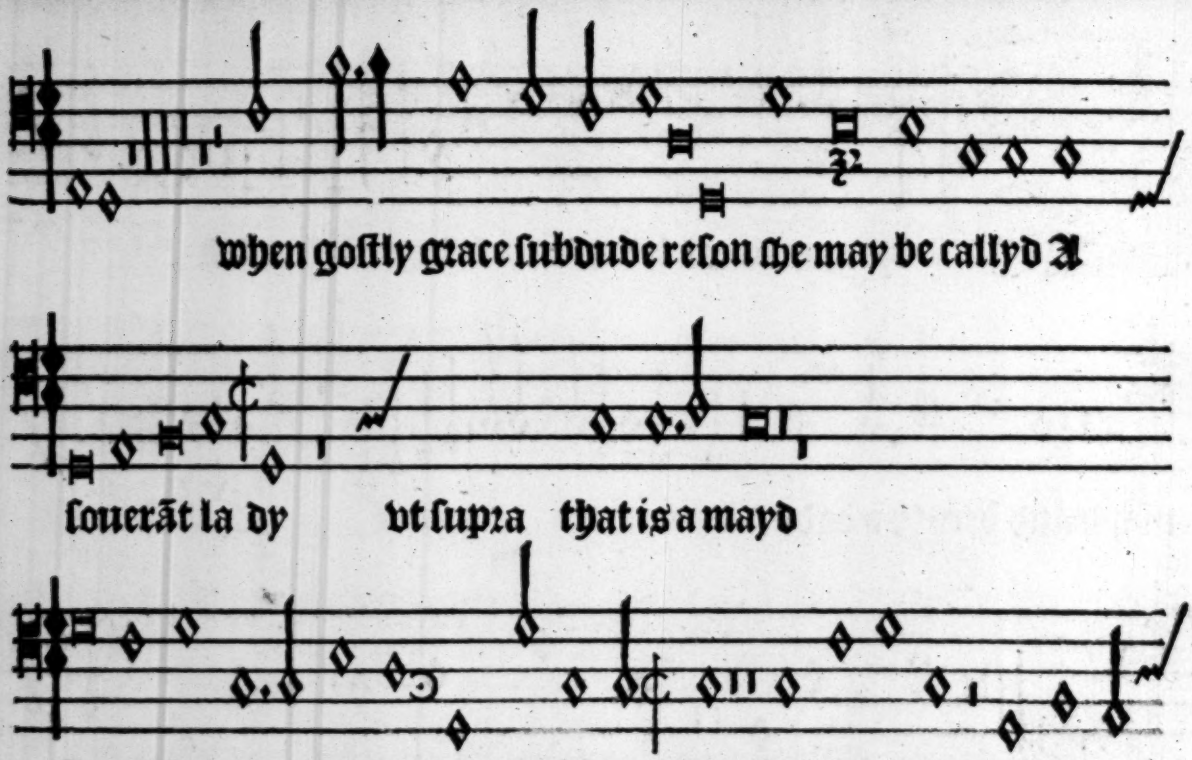
shall haue lyttyl nede to hele my lyttyl fīger that I wyl by gods

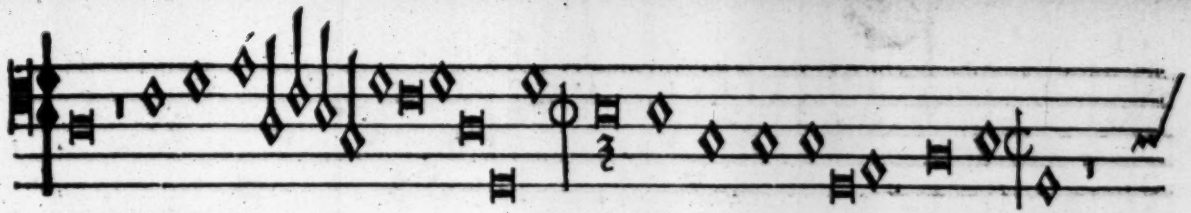


grace I shal deck your mynyō face that yt shal shyne ī e'vy place ⁊

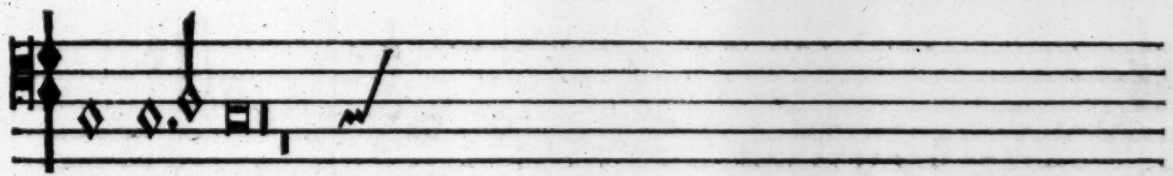

hele your lytyl figer bewar my lytyl figer Alas my lytyl fi-
ger and O my lytyl fynger a lady marcy ye hurt my lytyl
fynger be ware my lytyl fynger fyr I yow de fyre vt supra. finis.


She may be cal lyd a ſouerāt lady That ys A
mayd and beryth a baby
A mayd pereles hath borne godys ſon nature gaue place

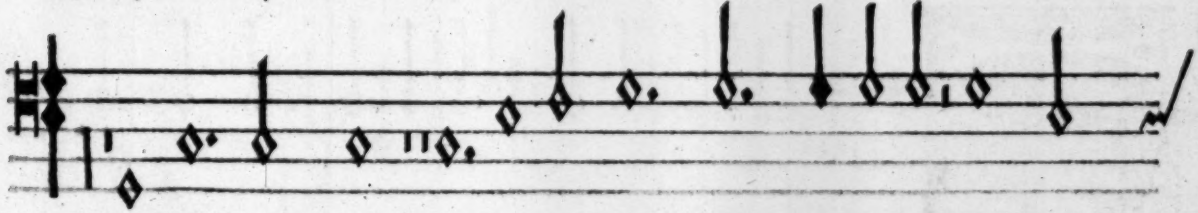

when goſtly grace ſubdude reſon ſhe may be callyd A
ſouerāt la dy vt ſupra that is a mayd
As for bewty or hy gen trye ſhe is the floure by god electe for this ef



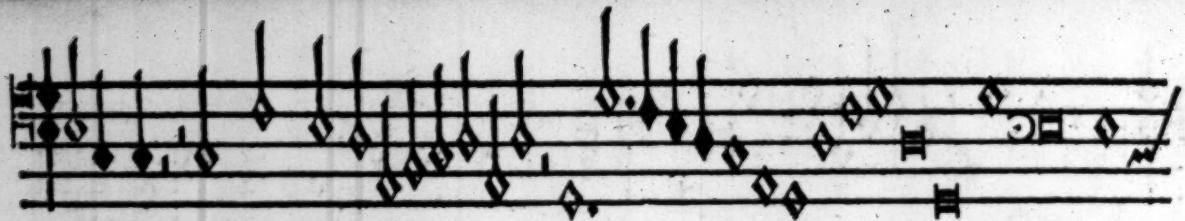
fect mā to ſocour ſhe may be callyd a ſouerant lady vt ſup.



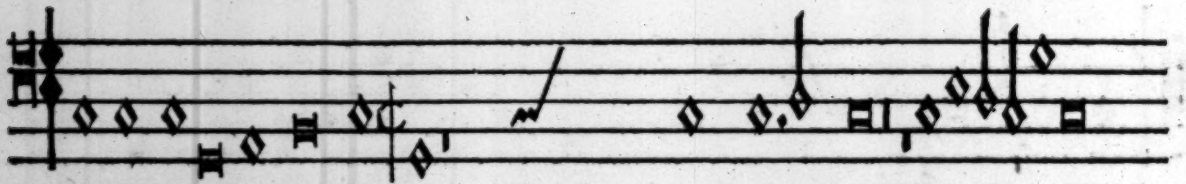
That ys a mayd



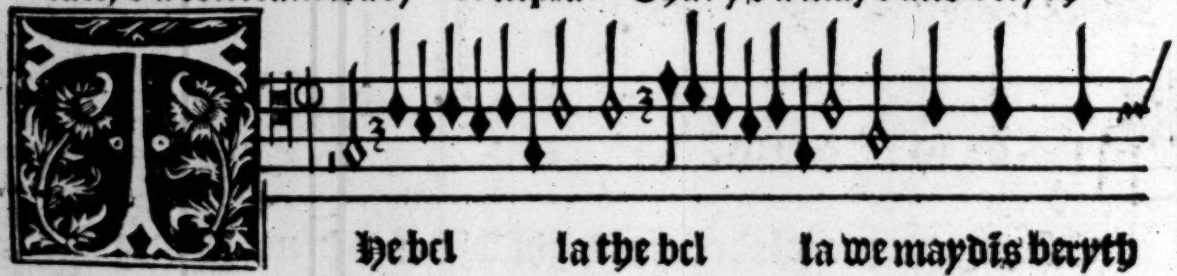
Of byrgyns quene lodeſter of lyght whom to honor we ought



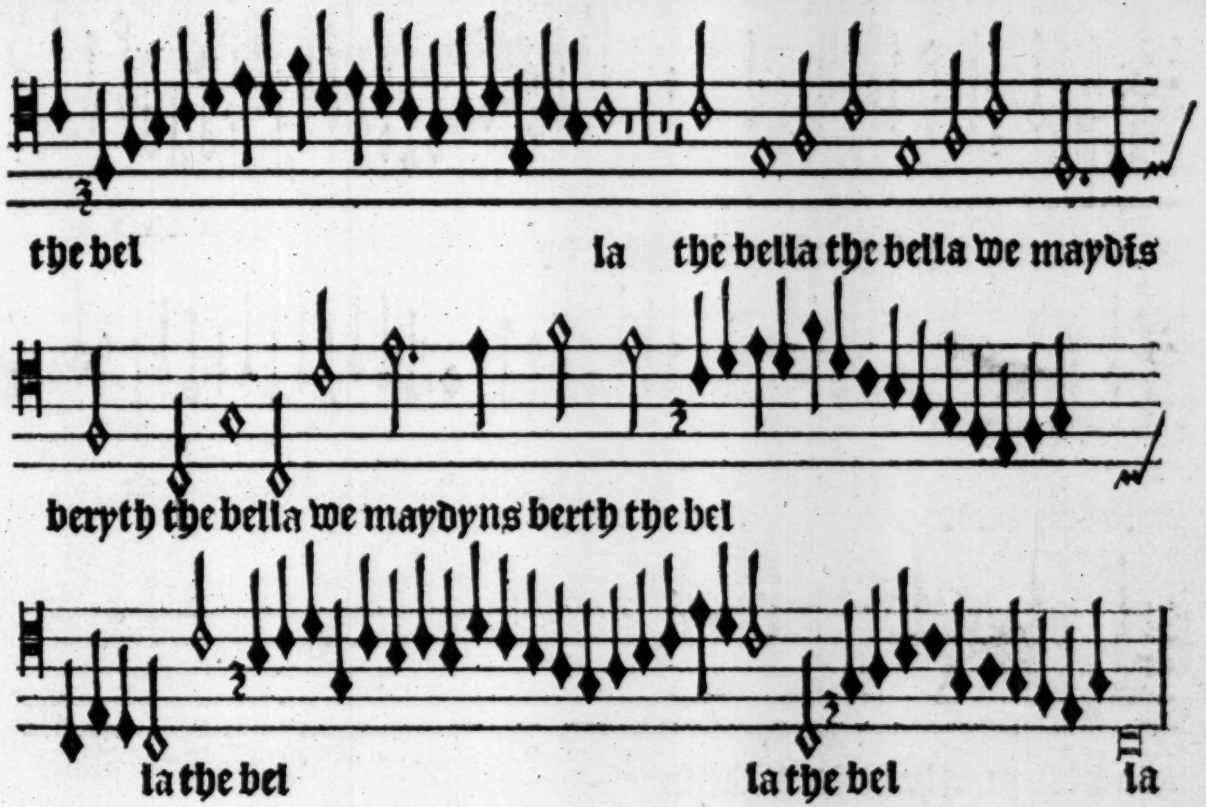
endeuer vs day ⁊ nyth She may be



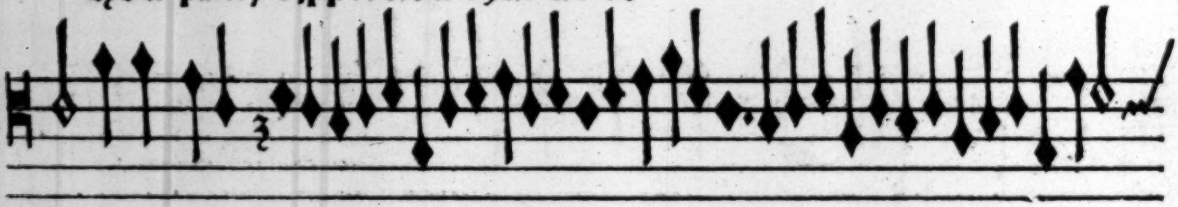
callyd a ſouerant Lady vt ſupra. That ys a mayd and beryth



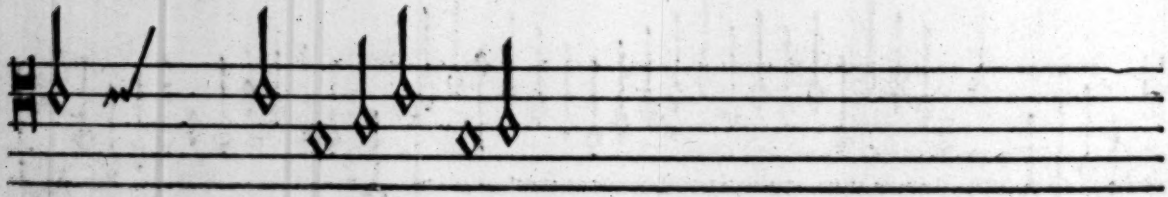
The bel la the bel la we maydis beryth


the bel la the bella the bella we maydis
beryth the bella we maydyns berth the bel
la the bel la the bel la

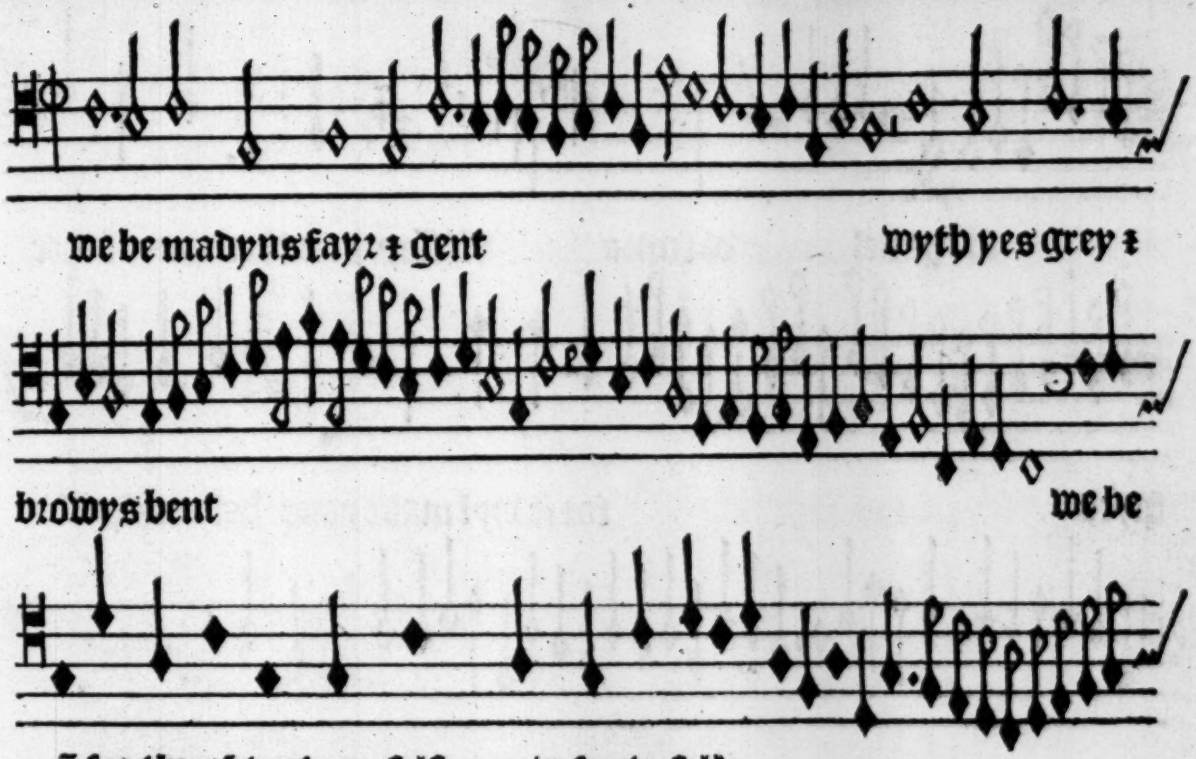
How praty & pper now that we be

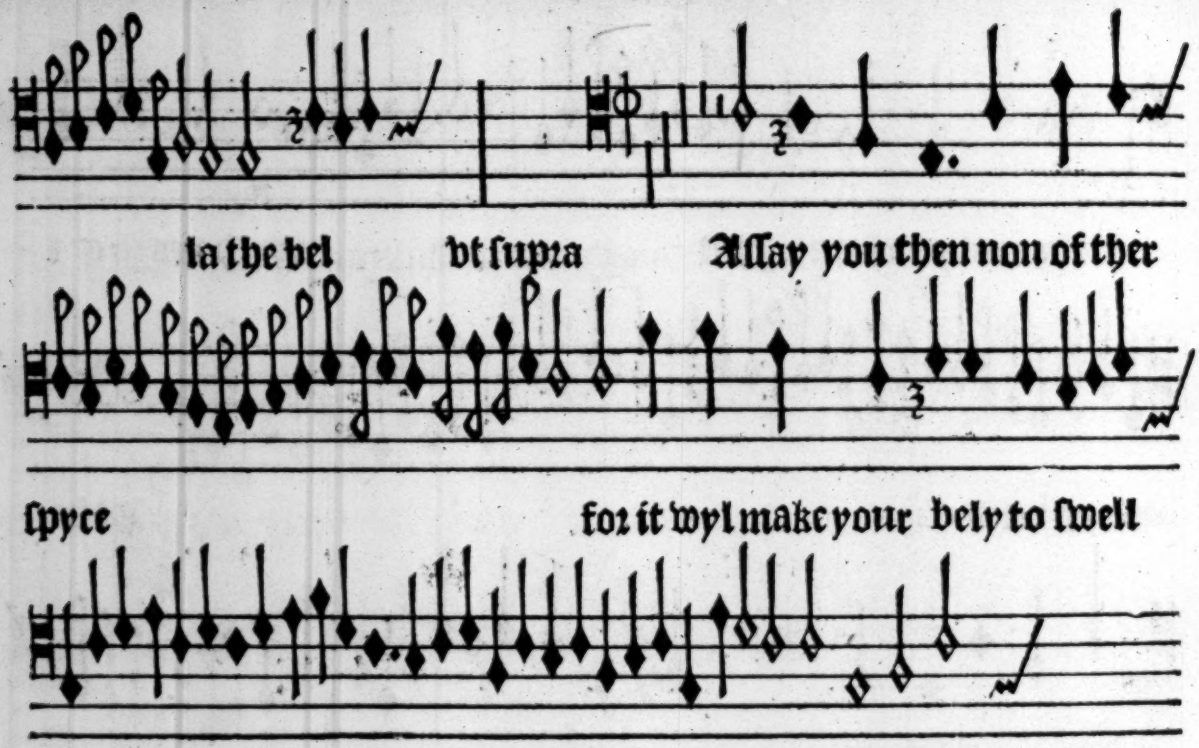


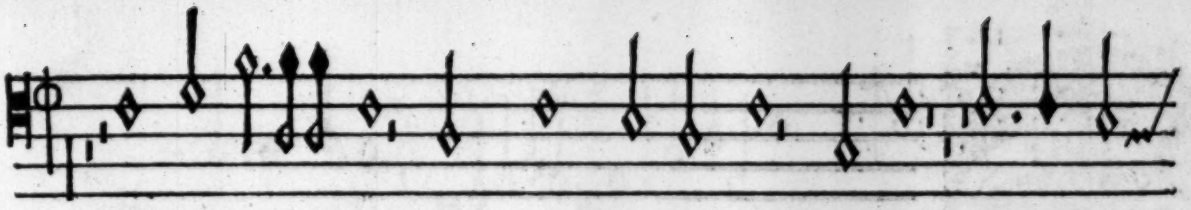
so cõly vnder Kel



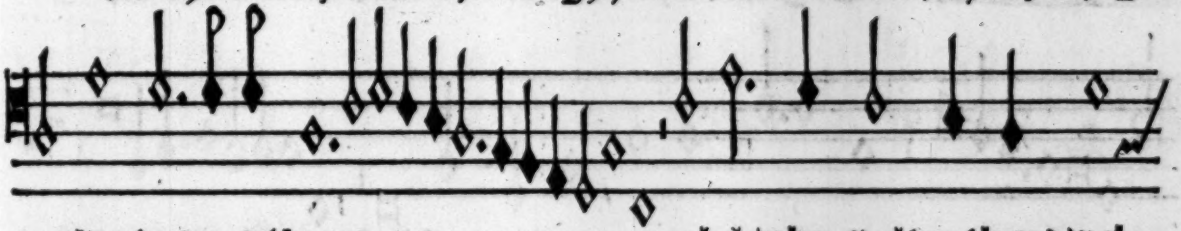
la vt supra. the bella the bella


we be madyns fayr & gent
wyth yes grey &
browys bent
we be
cũ for thys ĩ tent our selfys now for to sell

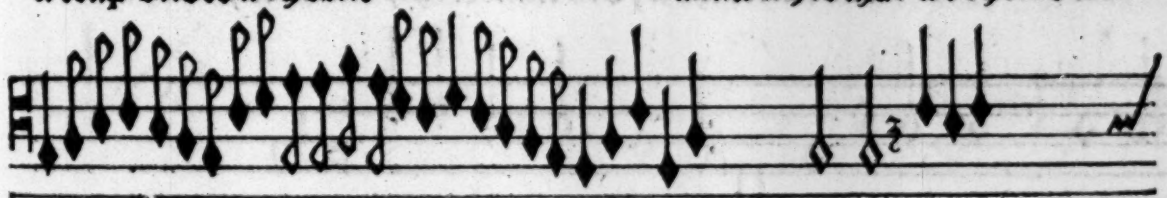

la the bel vt supra Allay you then non of ther
spyce for it wyl make your bely to swell
the bella the vt supra.



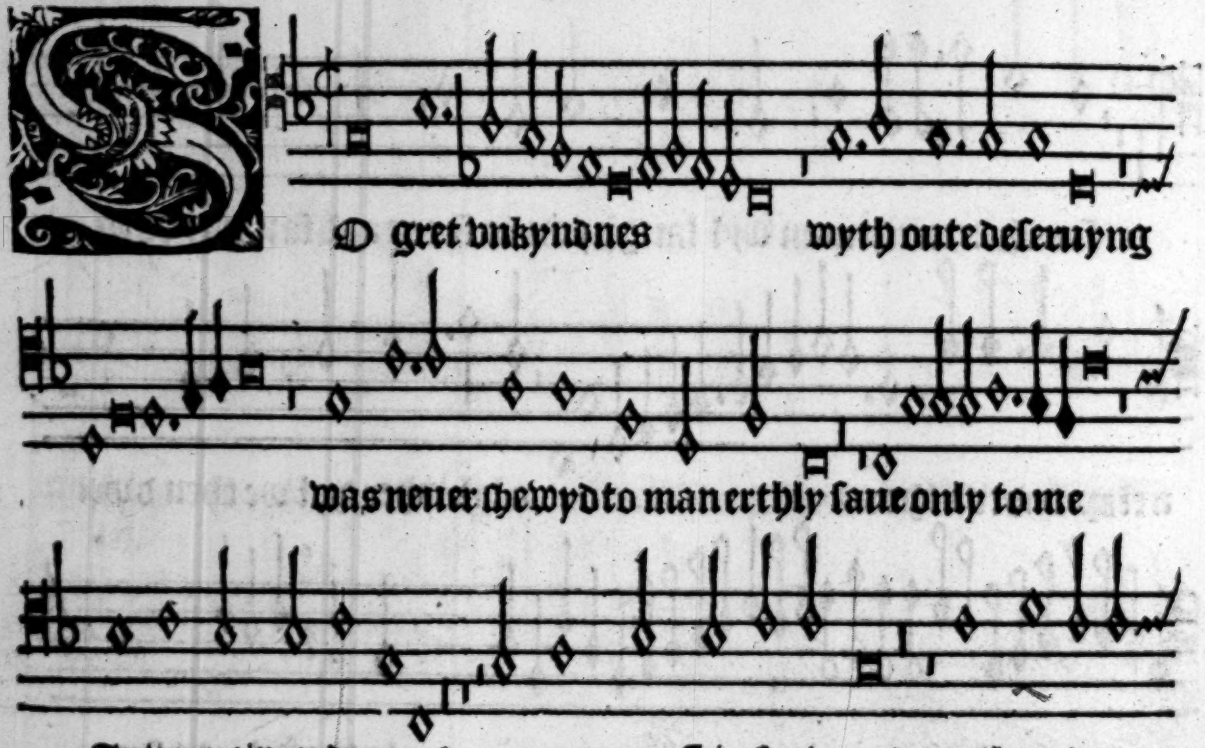
for then euery man wyl laugh you to ſkorn and ſay kytt hath got

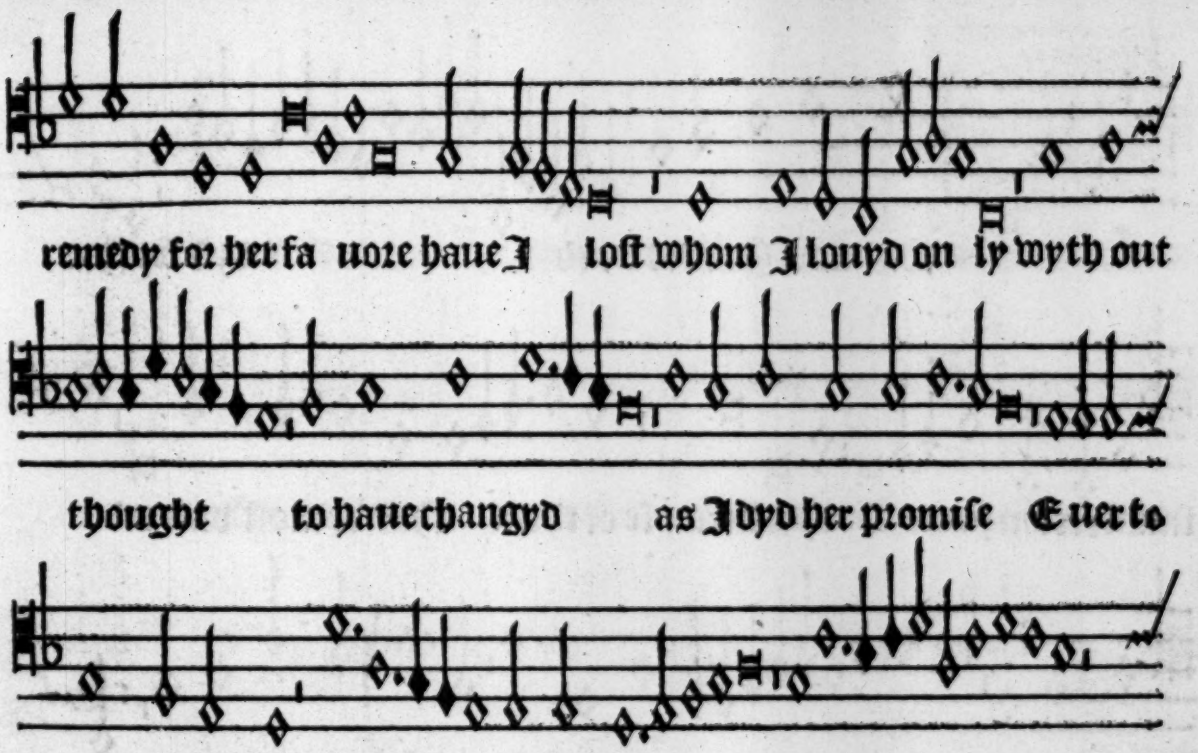


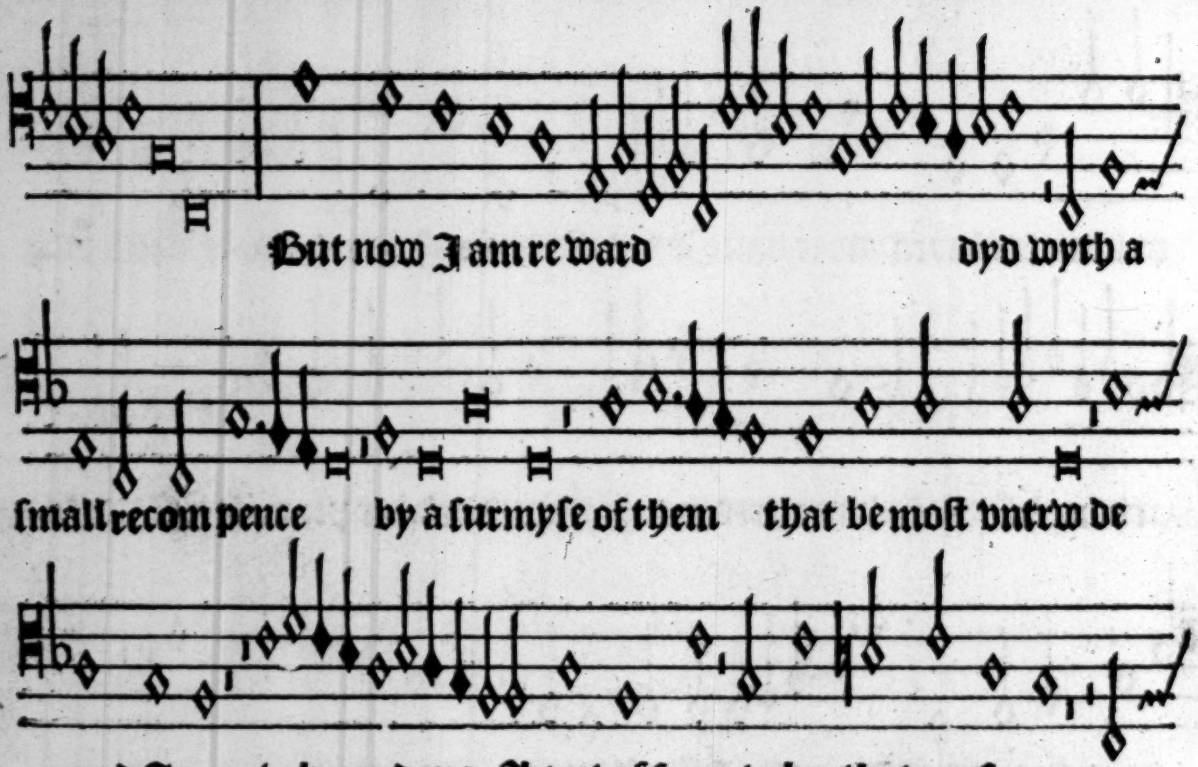
a clap vnder a thorne a lak wher ſhal we then dwel

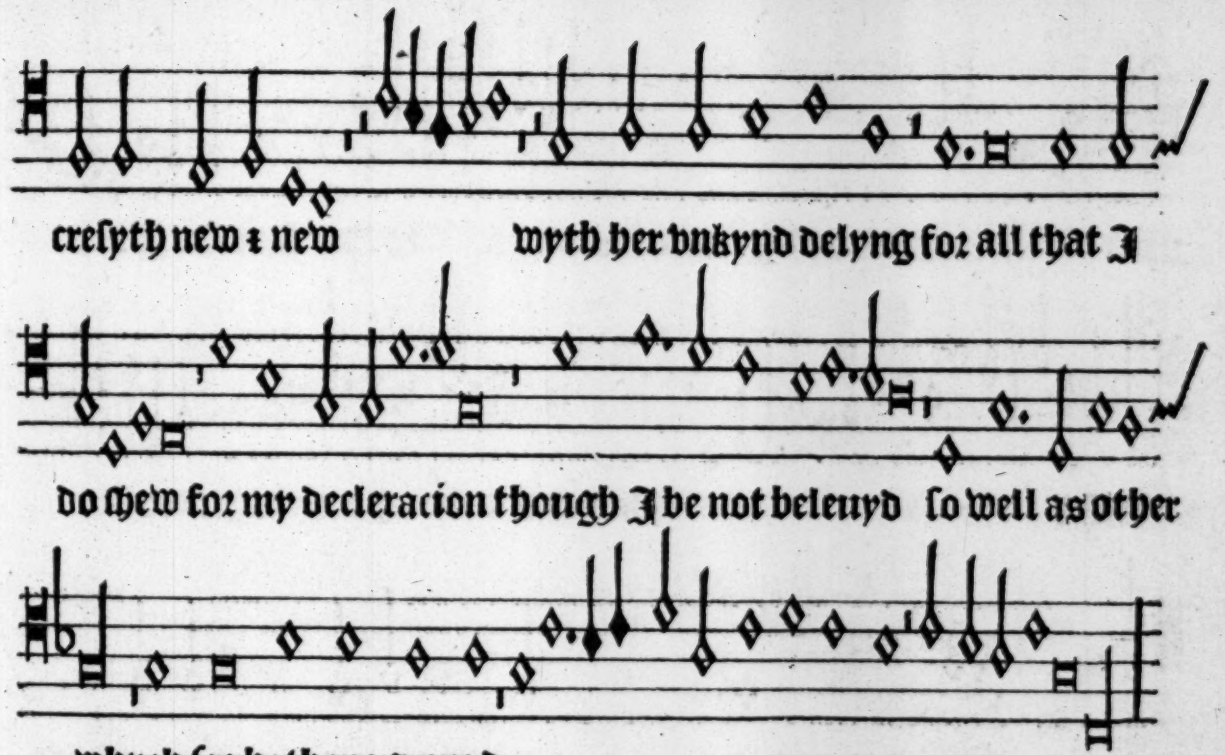


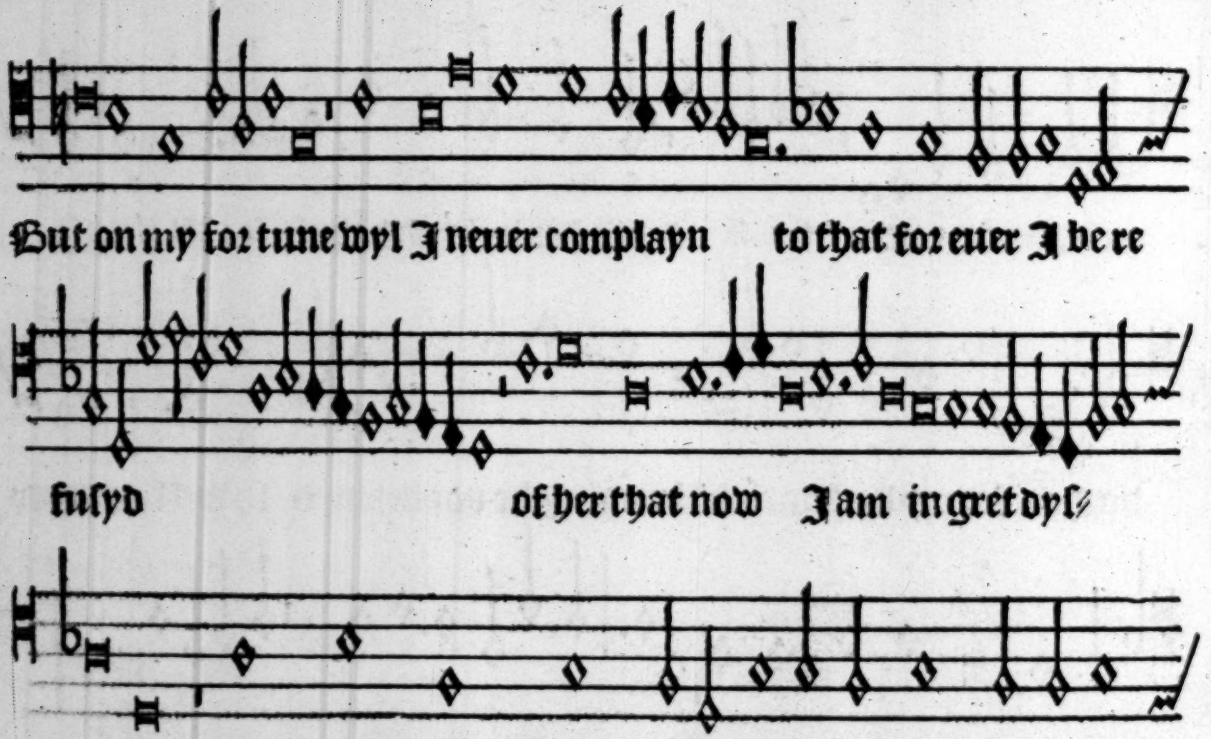
la the bel. vt ſupra.

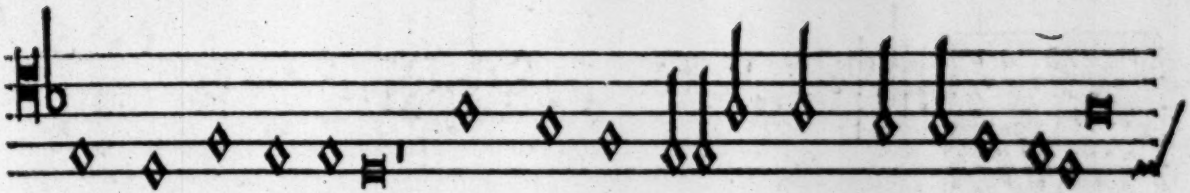

SO gret vnkyndnes wyth oute deseruyng
was neuer shewyd to man erthly saue only to me
In wo now enduryng as man most in fortunate wyth out any


remedy for her fa uore haue I loſt whom I louyd only wyth out
thought to haue changyd as I dyd her promiſe Euer to
haue ſeruyd her In moſt hũbyll wyſe

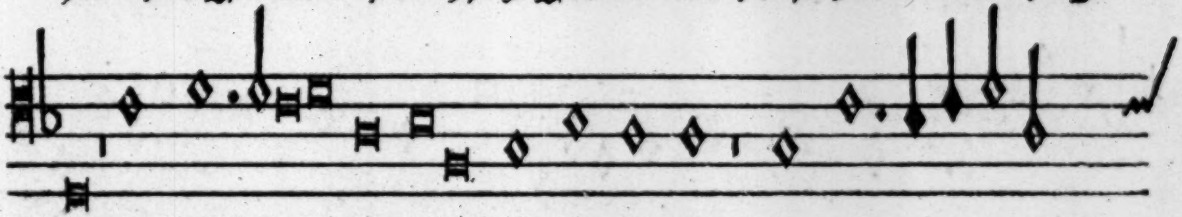

But now I am reward dyd wyth a
small recompence by a surmyse of them that be most vntrw de
myd I am to haue done A gret offence to her that my sorous en-


creſyth new & new
wyth her vnkynd delyng for all that I
do chew for my decleracion though I be not beleuyd
ſo well as other
whych for hath me greuyd

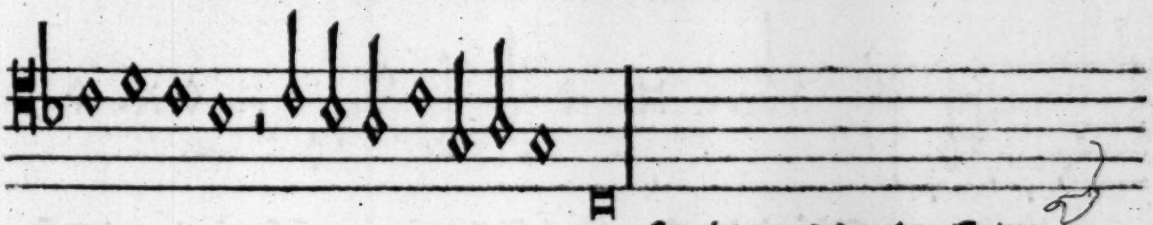

But on my fortune wyl I neuer complayn to that for euer I be re
fuſyd of her that now I am in gret dyſ
dayn through falce wordys whych be all fenyd to cauſe me to leſe



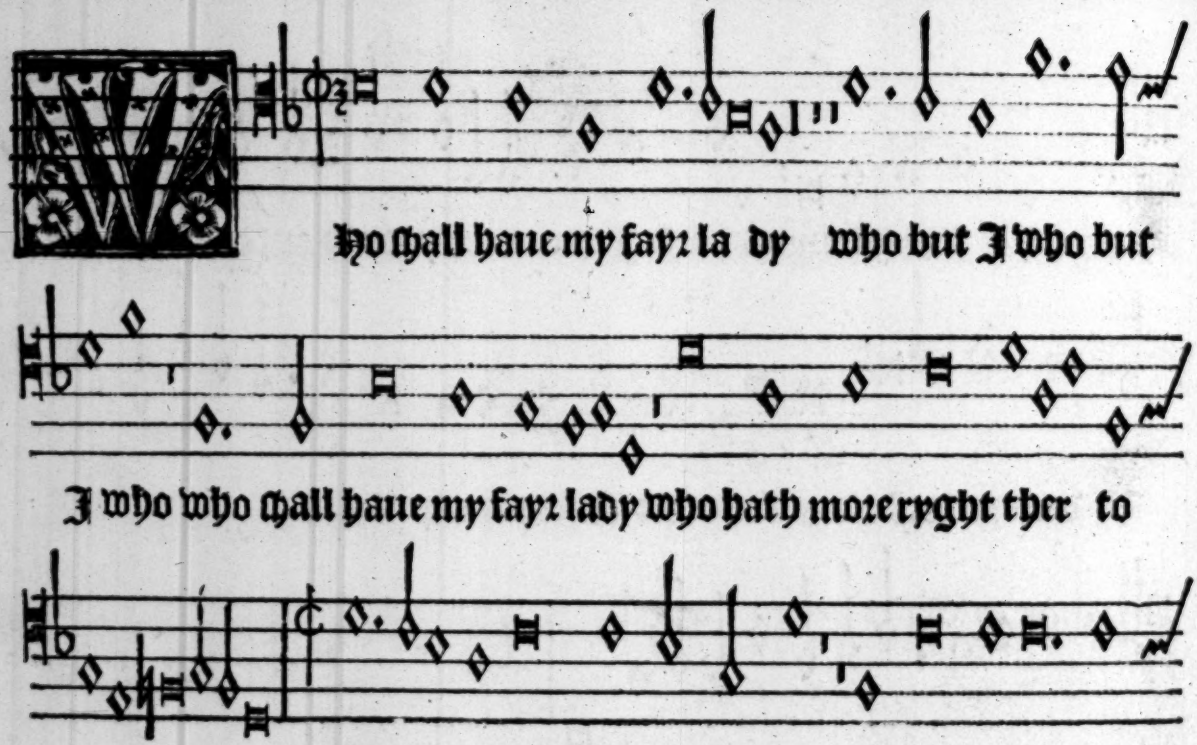
her that I best louyd whych I trust verely wyth out deseruyng

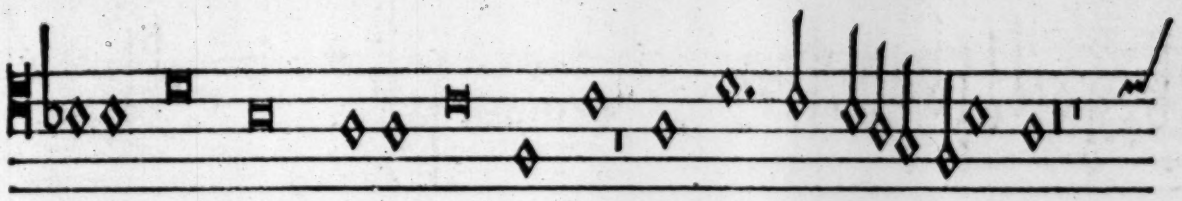


wyll not refuse me for a false surmysyng

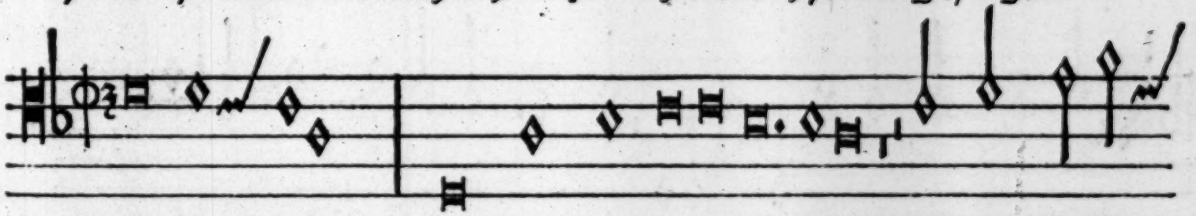


fynis quod docter Cowper

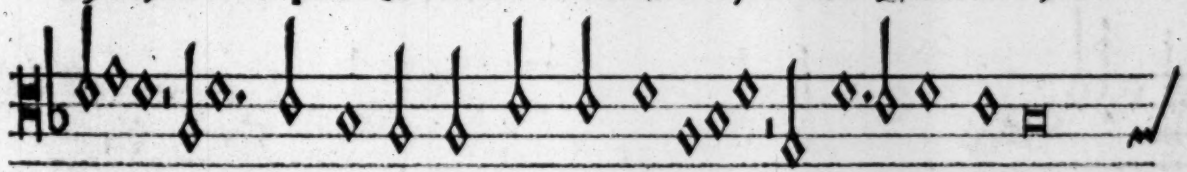

Who shall haue my fayr la dy who but I who but
I who who shall haue my fayr lady who hath more ryght ther to
This lady clere that I shew here mā soul yt ys trust



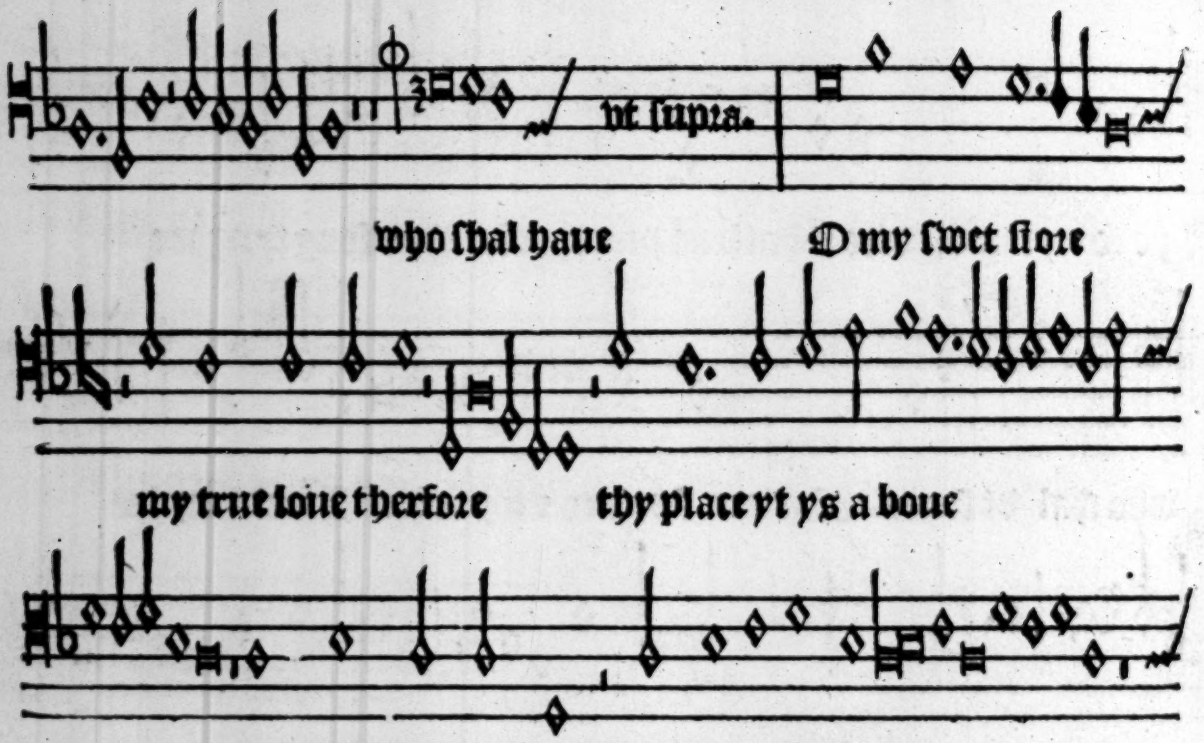
ye to cryſt moſt dere it hath no pere ther for thys ſong ſyng we

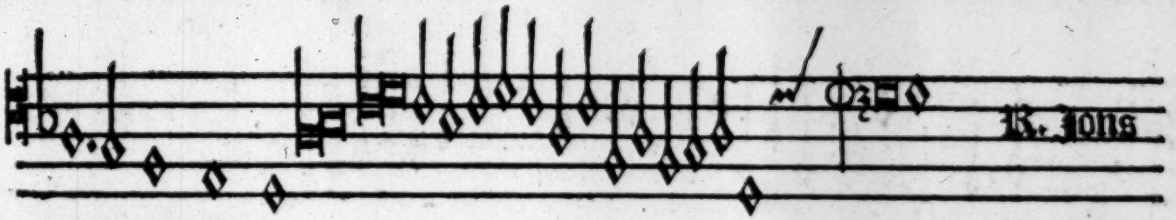


who ſhal vt ſupra. For loue ſwetnes & ioy ēdles I made my la/



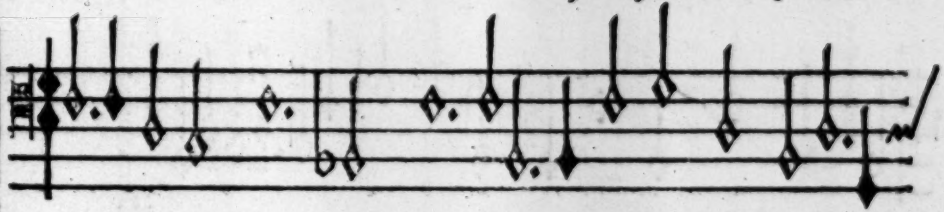
dy fre vnto my lyknes I gaue her quicnes in paradyſe to be


vt supra.
who shal haue
O my swet flore
my true loue therfore
thy place yt ys a boue
what man may do more than only by therfore

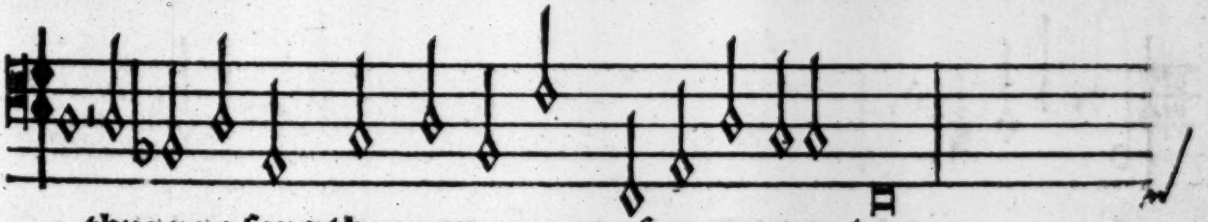


lady for thy lone

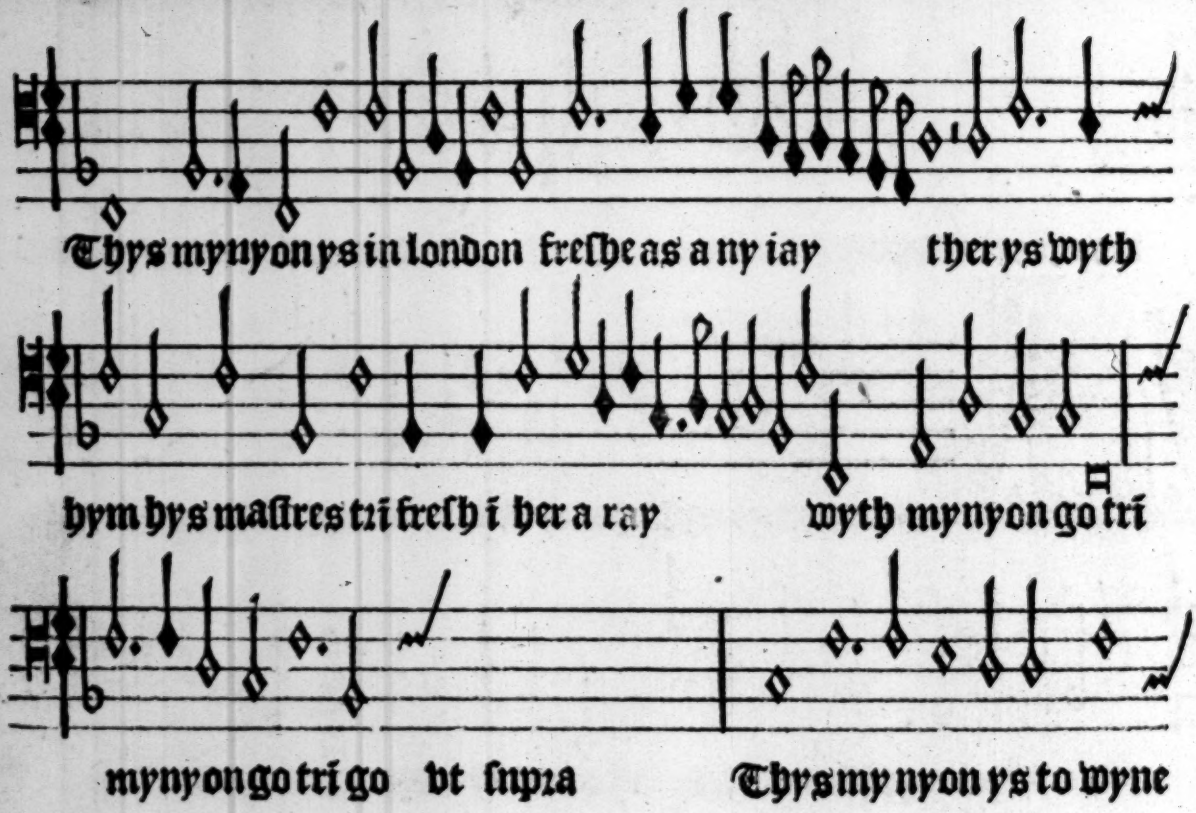
who shal vt supra. Finis

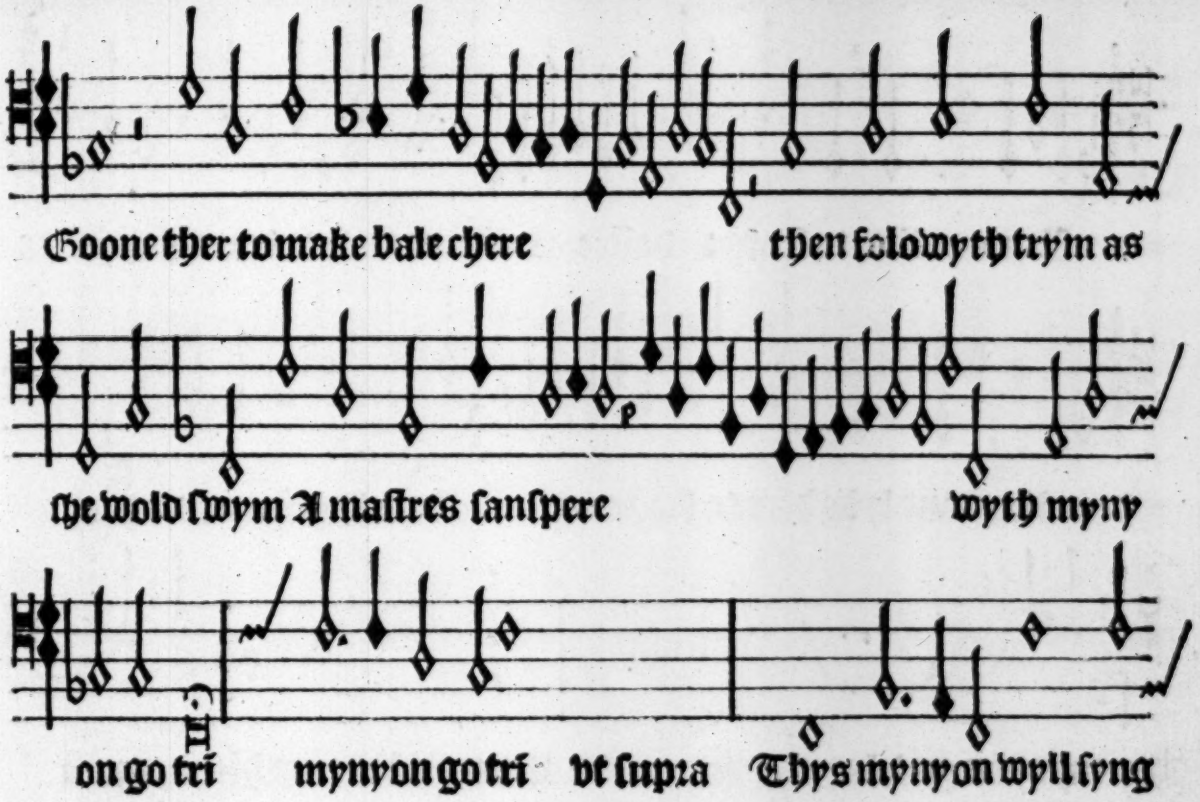


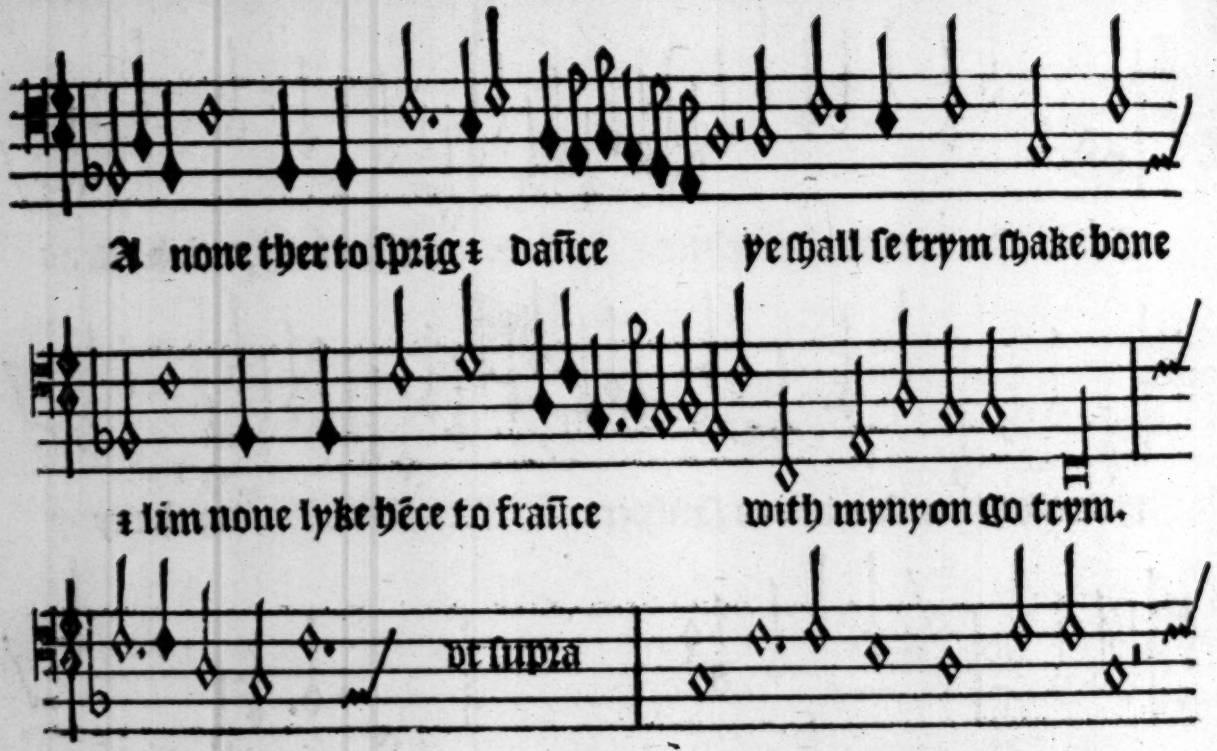
ynyon go trym go trym ¶ mynyon go trym go trym

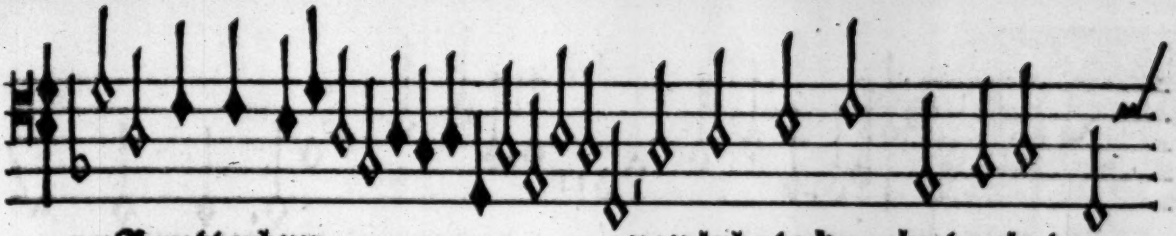


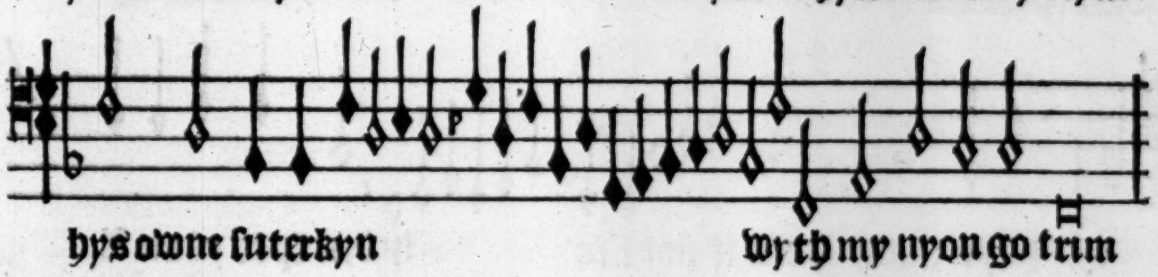
thys ys a long thes men a mong of mynyon go trym

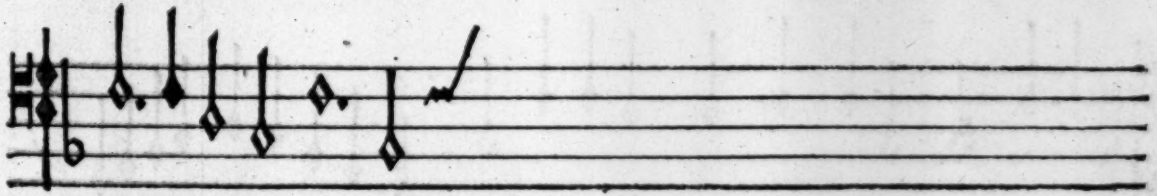

Thys mynyon ys in london fresshe as any iay ther ys wyth
hym hys maistres tri fresshi her aray wyth mynyon go tri
mynyon go tri go vt supra Thys my nyon ys to wyne

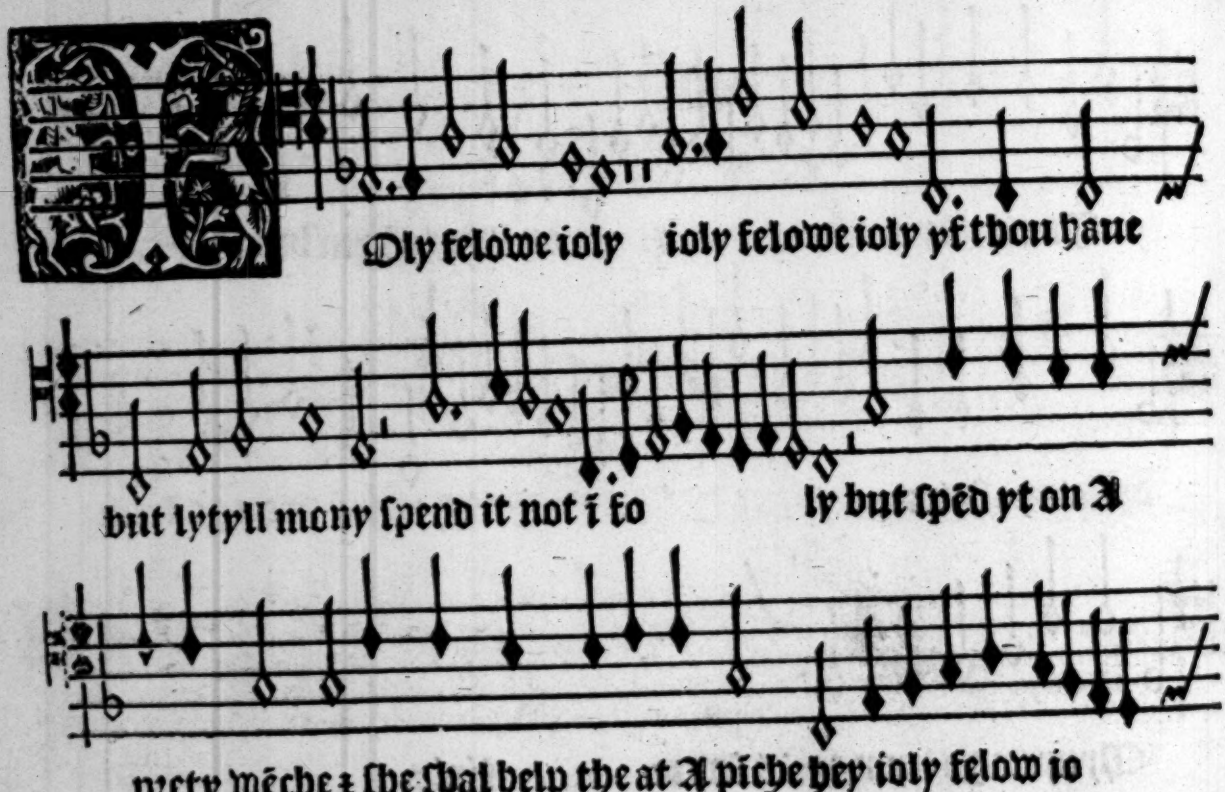

Goone ther to make bale chere
then folowyth trym as
she wold swym A maistres sanspere
wyth myny
on go tri
mynyon go tri
vt supra
Thys mynyon wyll syng

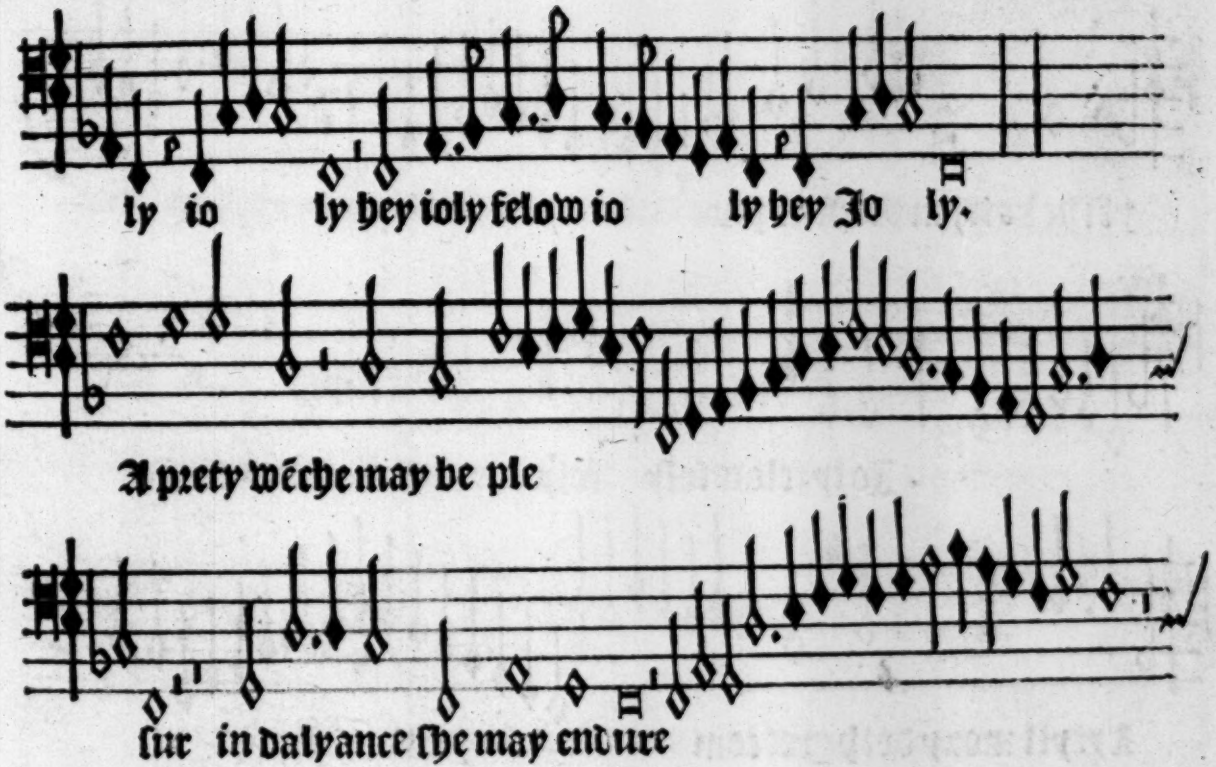

A none ther to ſprig ꝛ daſice
ye ſhall ſe trym ſhake bone
ꝛ lim none lyke hēce to fraſice
with mynyon go trym.
mynyon go tri
when all is done this mynyon

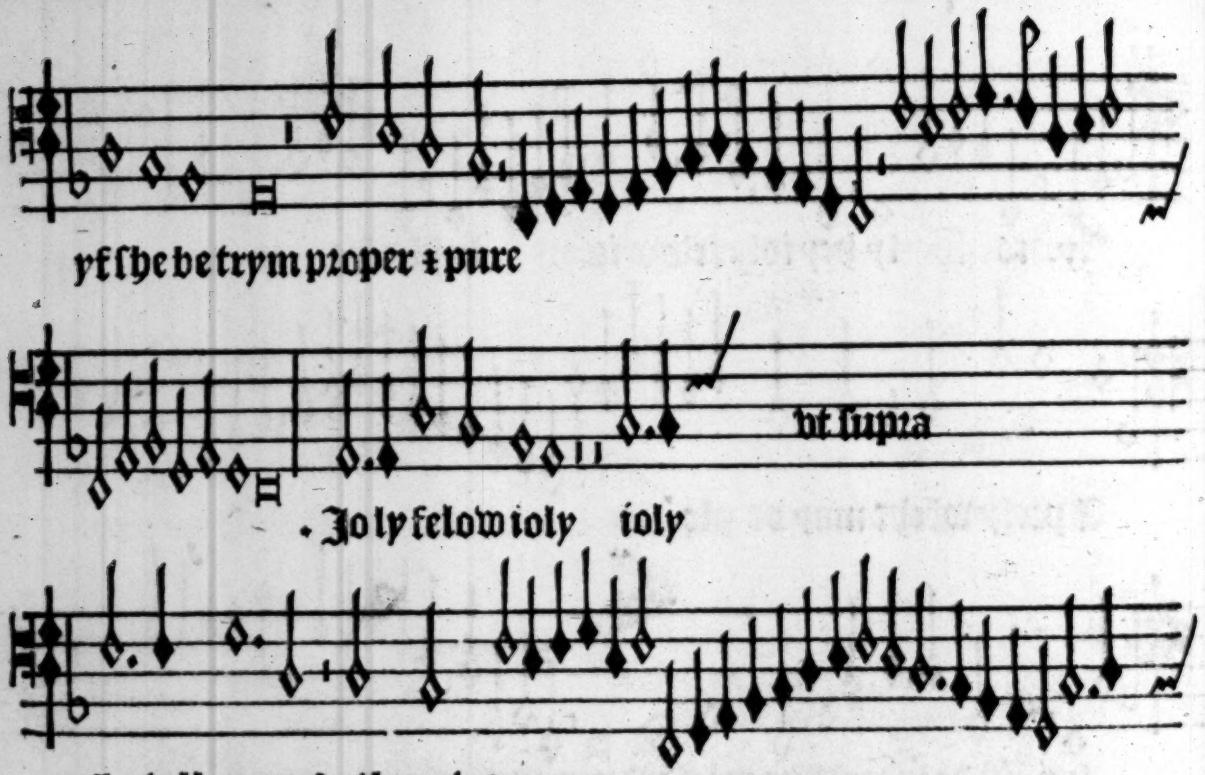

ys A rutterkyn
non lyke to hym but only trym

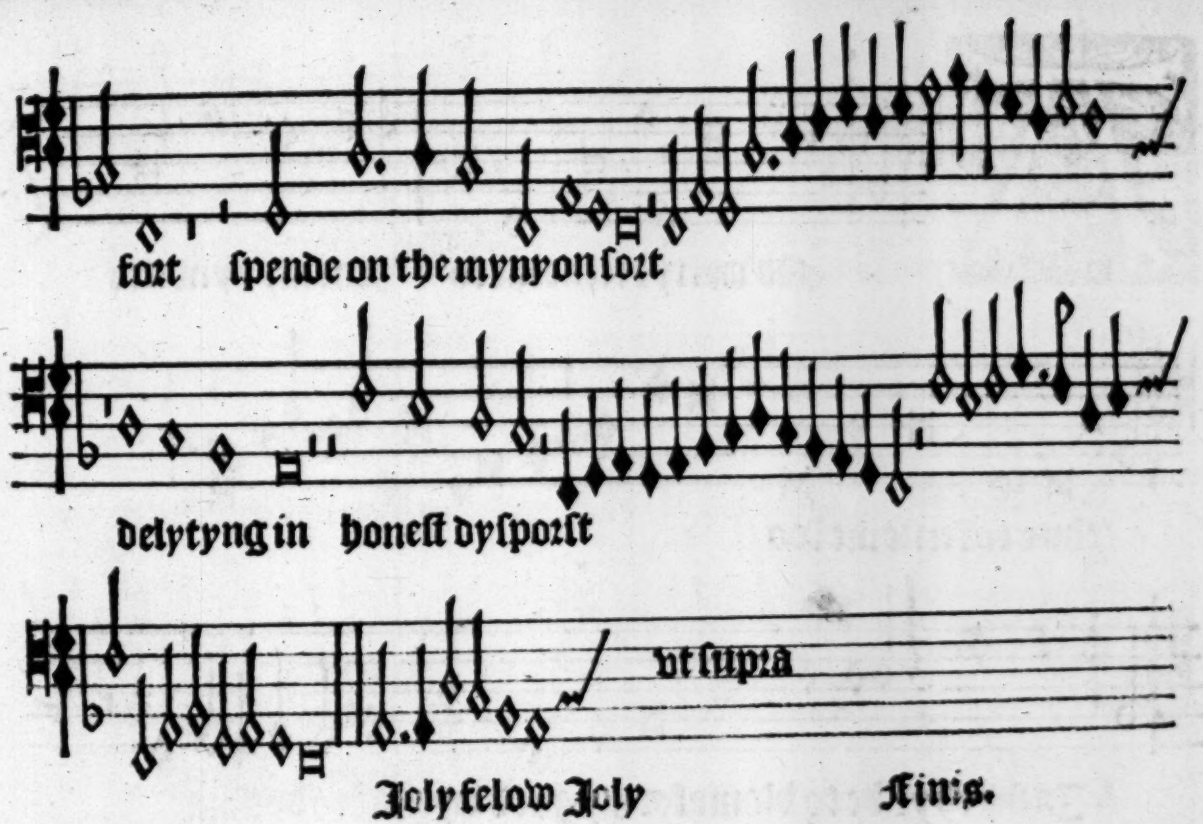

hys owne ſuterkyn
wyth my nyon go trim

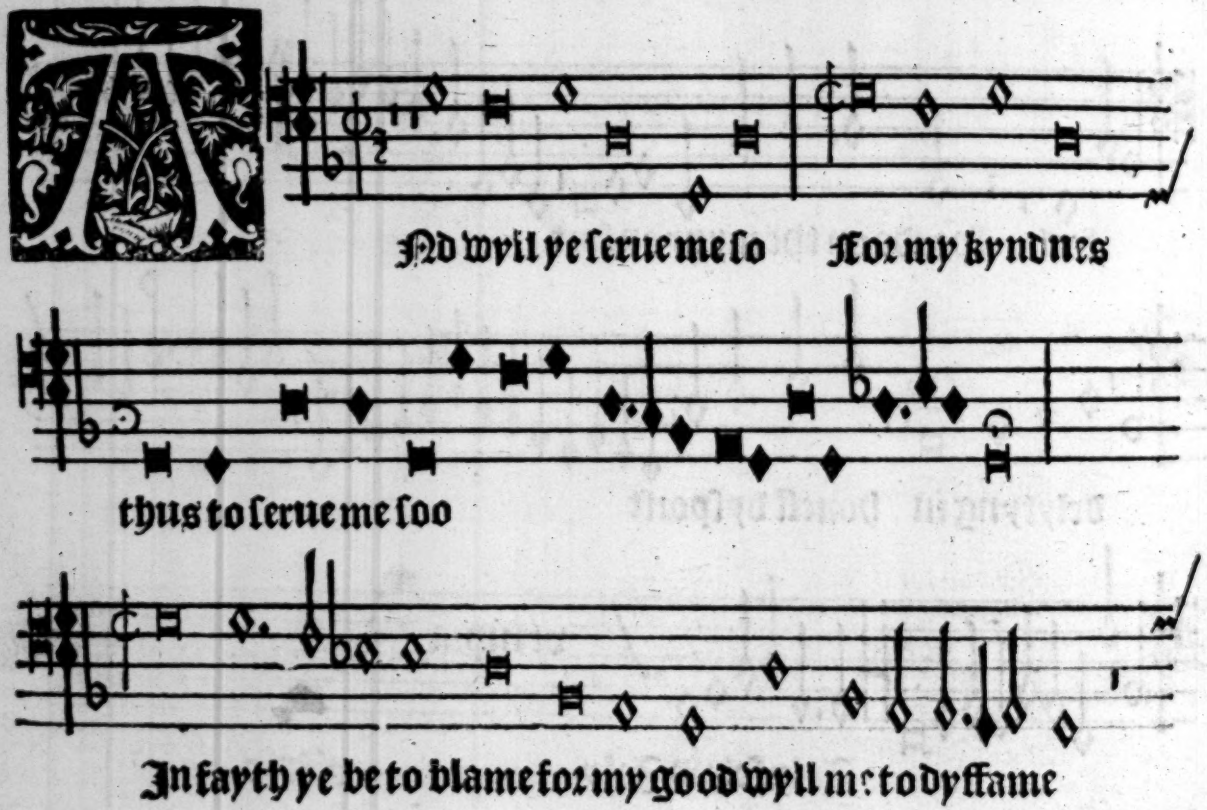

Mynyon go trym go. vt ſupra
Finis.

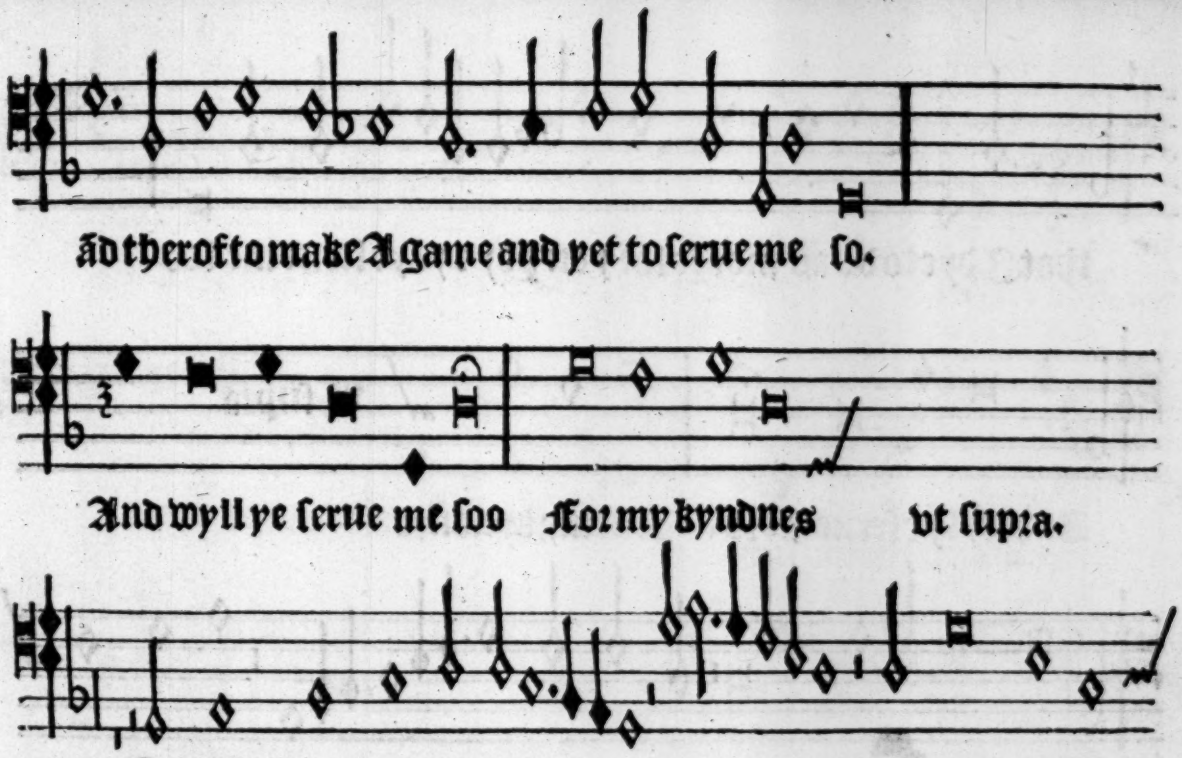

Dly felowe ioly ioly felowe ioly yf thou haue
but lytyll mony ſpend it not ī ſo ly but ſpēd yt on A
prety wēche ⁊ ſhe ſhal helpe the at A piche hey ioly felow io

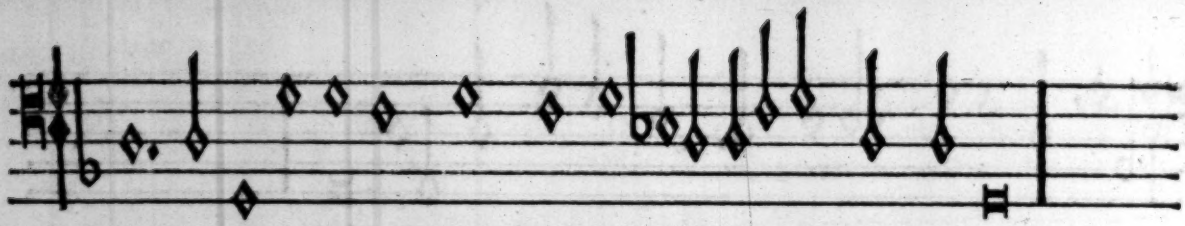

ly io ly hey ioly felow io ly hey Jo ly.
A prety wēche may be ple
ſur in dalyance ſhe may endure


yf ſhe be trym proper & pure
vt ſupra
. Jo ly felow ioly ioly
Lytyll mony doth gret com

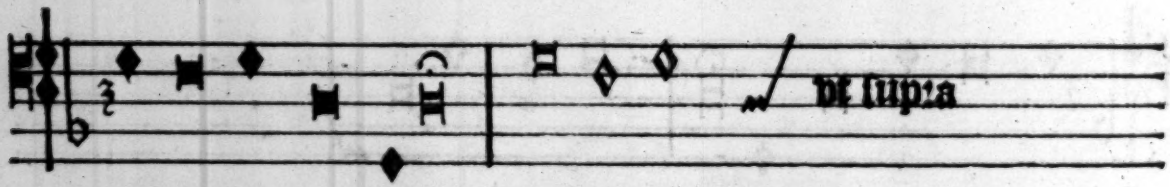

fort ſpende on the myny on ſort
delytyng in honeſt dyſporſt
vt ſupra
Joly felow Joly
finis.


And wyll ye serue me so For my kyndnes
thus to serue me soo
In fayth ye be to blame for my good wyll me to dyffame


ād therofto make A game and yet to ſerue me ſo.
And wyll ye ſerue me ſoo for my kyndnes vt ſupra.
Be criſt ſpare not hardely I truſt ons or

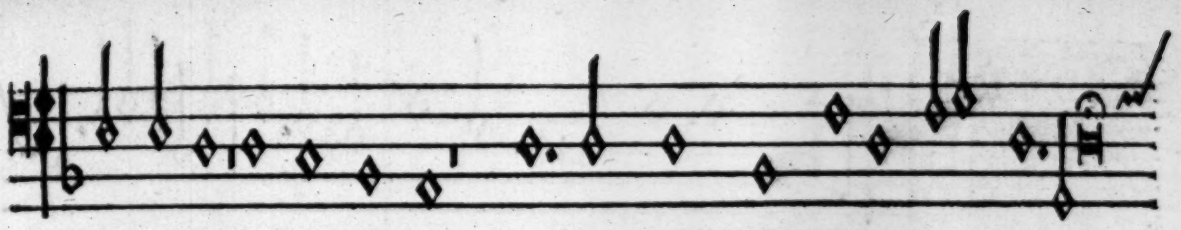


that I dye to do as moche for you ꝑdy ⁊ yf ye serue me soo

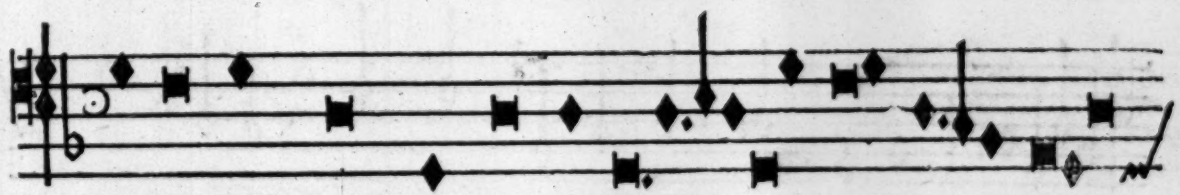


And wyl ye serue me so. For my kyndnes

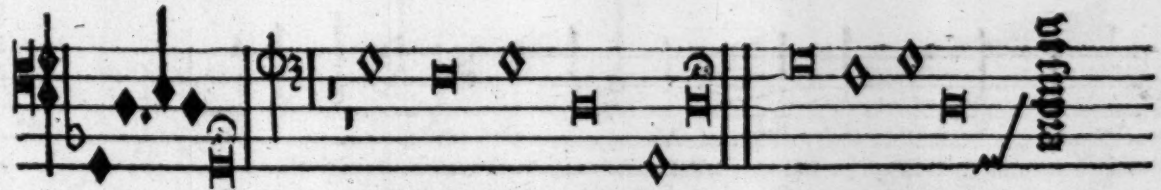
why then a dew A dew I wyll be playn be sure your



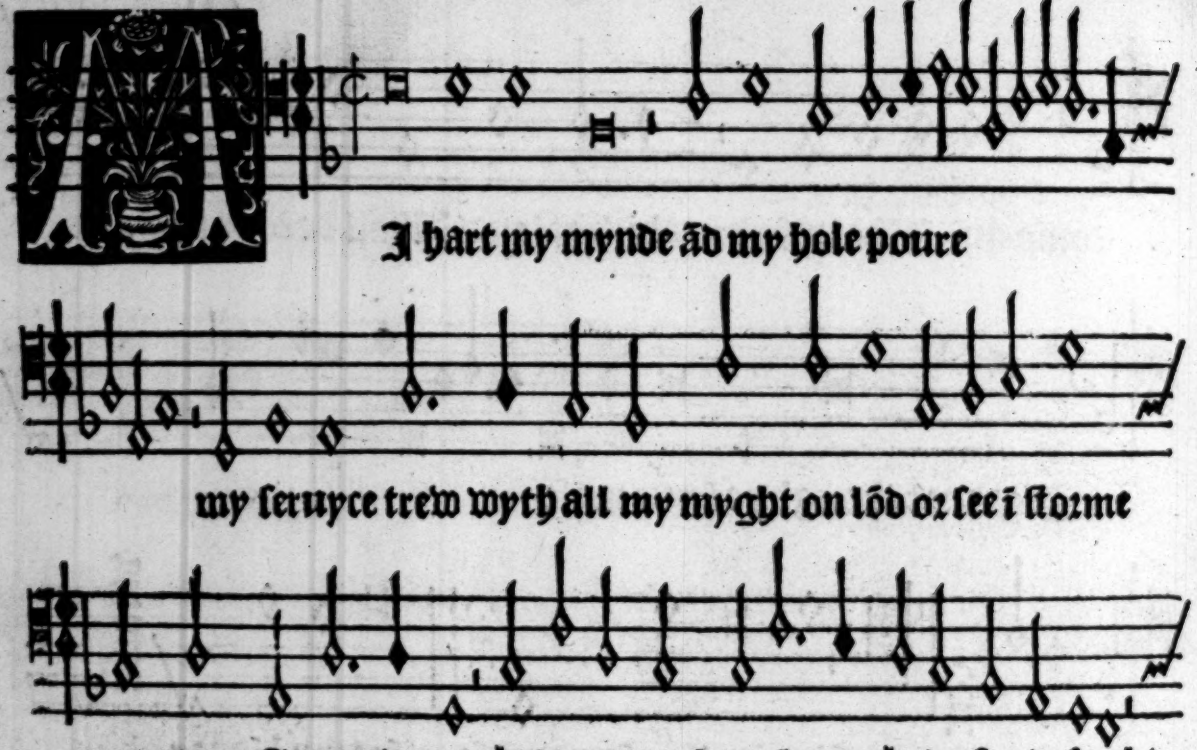
company I ſhal refrayn which at length ſhall be to your payn

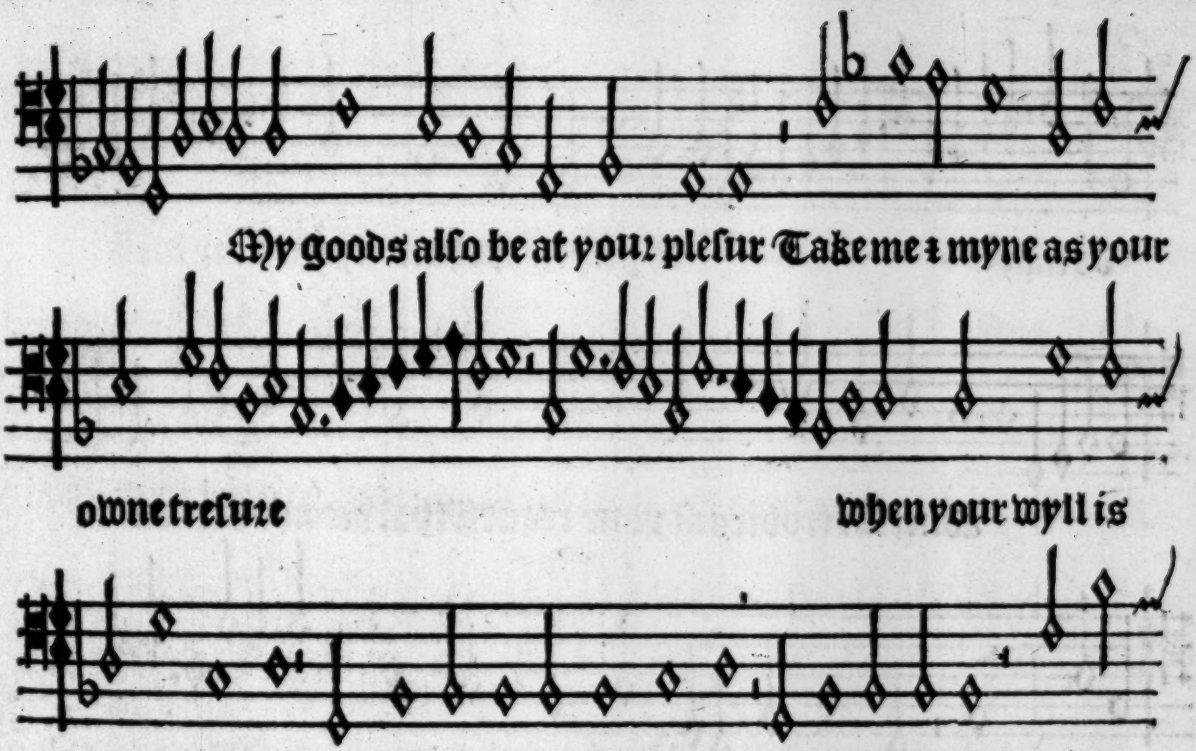


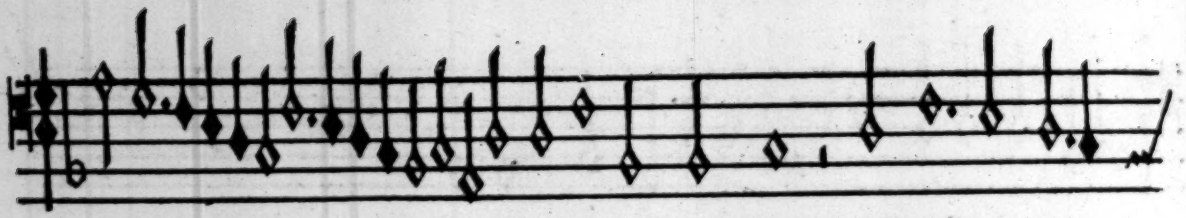
I forſ not though ye ſerue me ſo



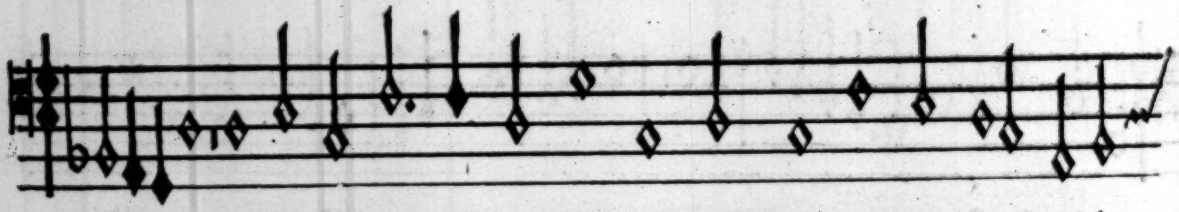
And wyll ye ſerue me ſo for my kīdnes


I hart my mynde ād my hole poure
my ſeruyce trew wyth all my myght on lōd oꝛ ſee ī ſtoꝛme
and thour I geue to you be day ⁊ nyght ⁊ eke my body foꝛ to fyght

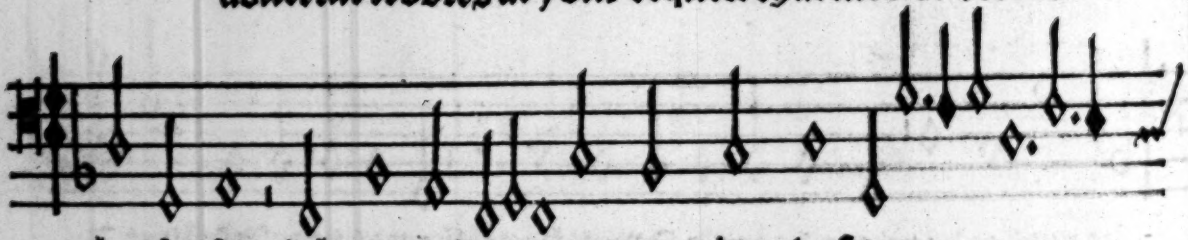

My goods also be at your plesur Take me & myne as your
owne tresure
when your wyll is
be nyzt or day to ryde or go I wyll be prest & not to refuse that I



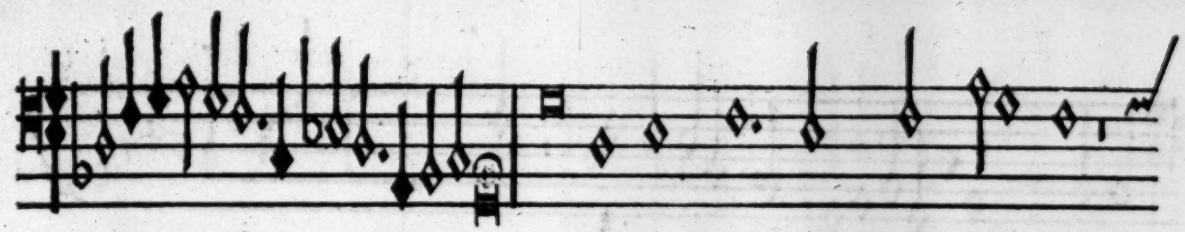
do may. to perysh the hart wyth in my brest



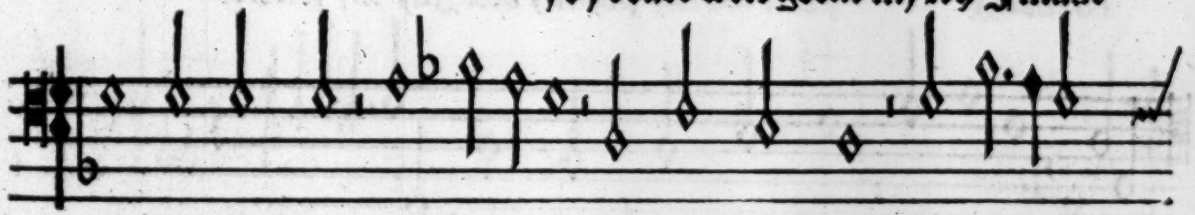
aduersāt troubles at your requeſt ſhal me not dere but to



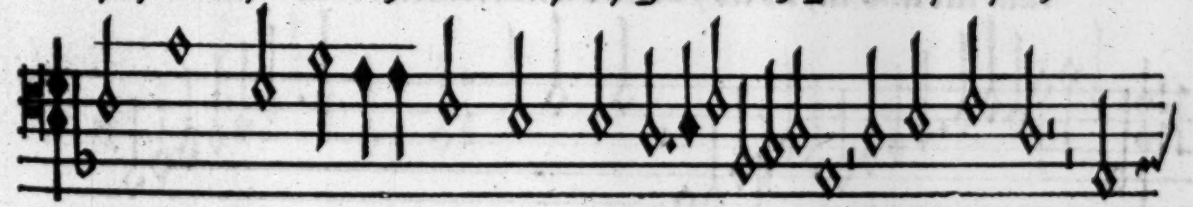
be pleaſure take me and myn as your owne treſure



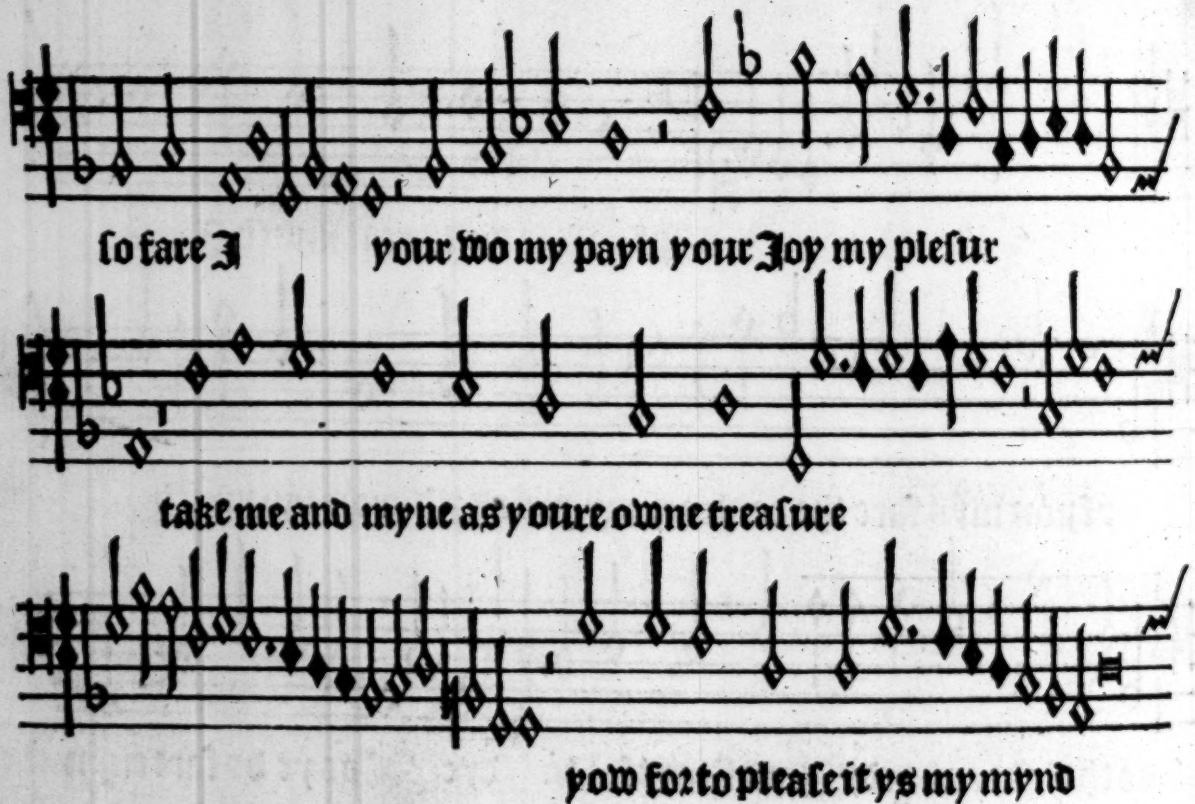
yf ye fare well great myrth I make



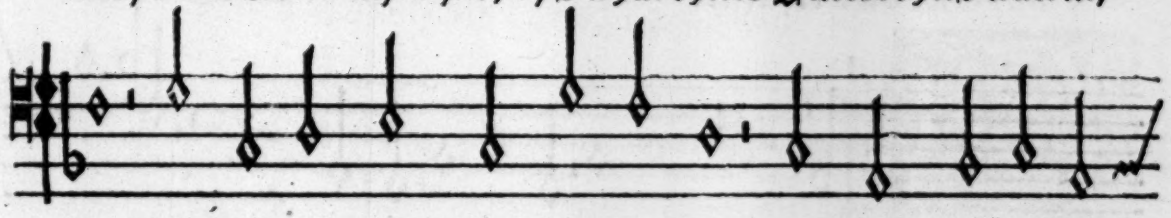
yf you mys fare the contrary my grefe doth grow my myrth



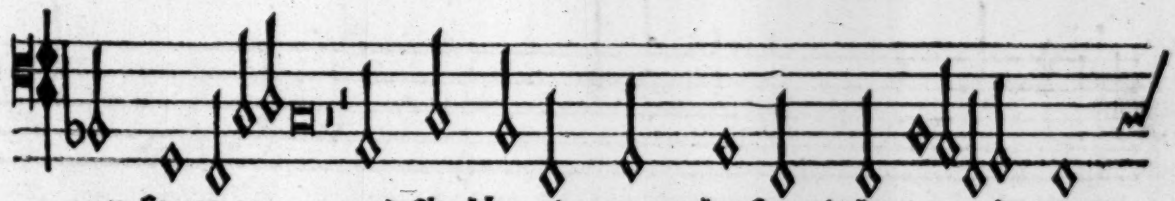
doth slake and redy I am strayt for to dye as ye do fare euyn


so fare I
your wo my payn your Joy my plesur
take me and myne as youre owne treasure
yow for to please it ys my mynd

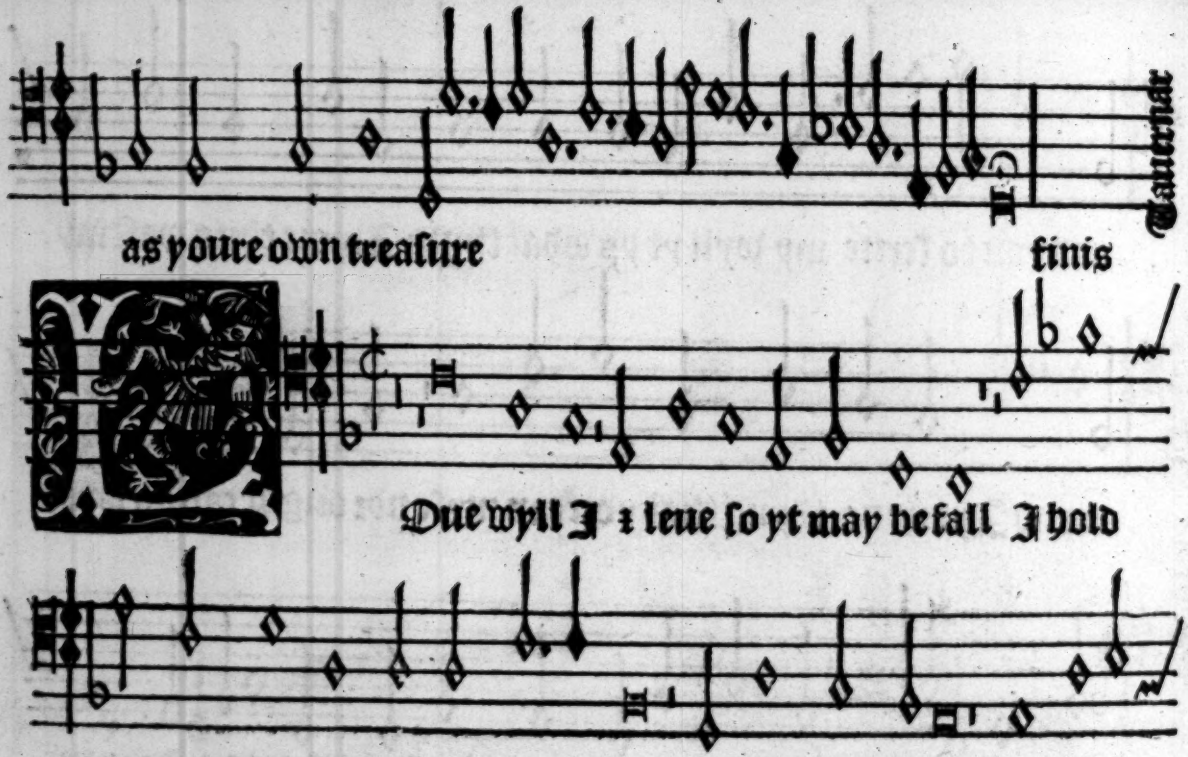
and you to ſerue my wyll yt ys what ſhuld I more thus waſt my

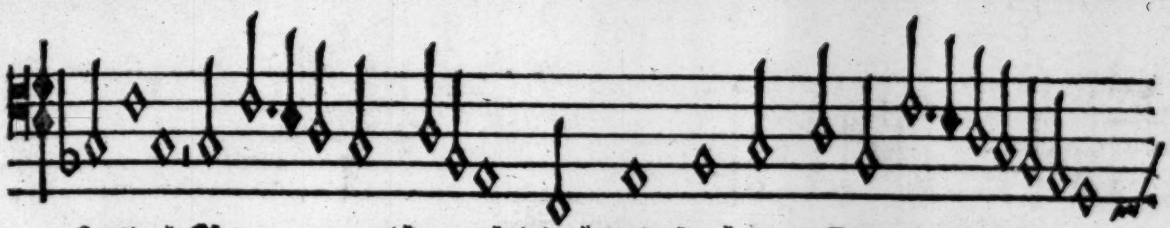


wynd I haue no thyng that you can myſe nor ought can do wyth

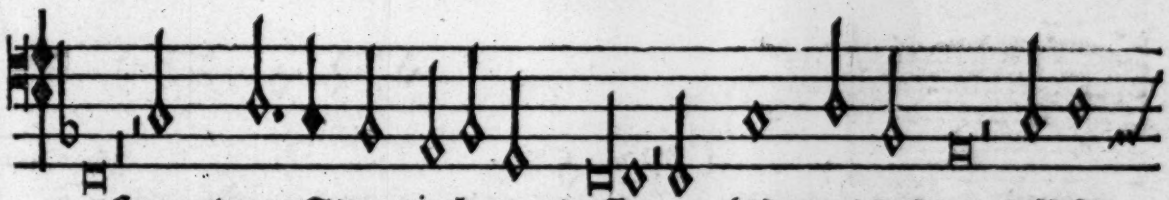


my ſeruyce and ſhal be at youer pleaſure take me and myne

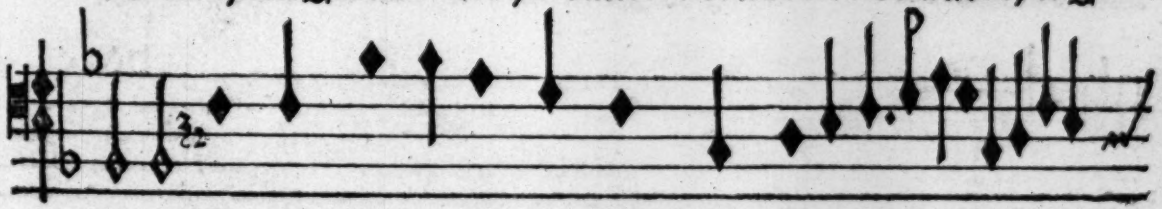

Tenor
as youre own treasure
finis
Que wyll I ꝛ leue so yt may befall I hold
yt great wysdom in that gouernaūce a hard thīg it is proue it who



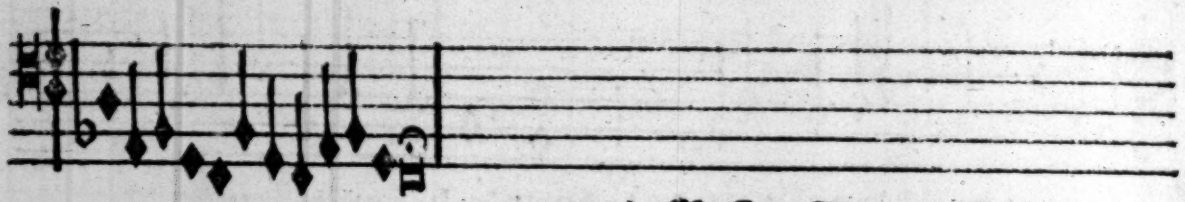
so shal A man nys thought to know by hys coũtenaunce



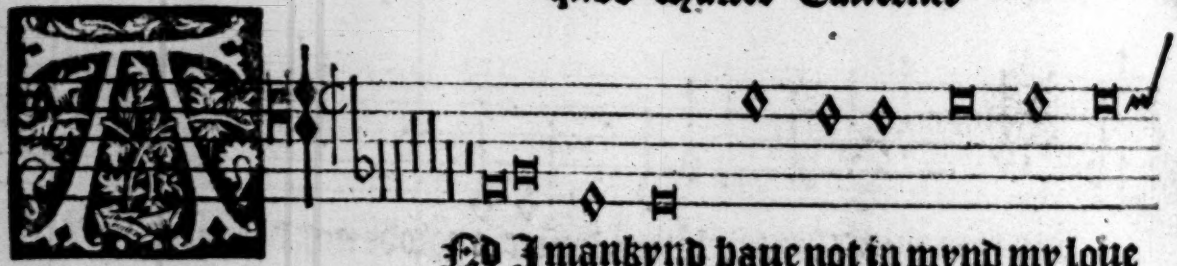
Sum tyme I was in louys daũce & cowde not be ware tyll I



dyd al spy how that I rode on mocke full preucly

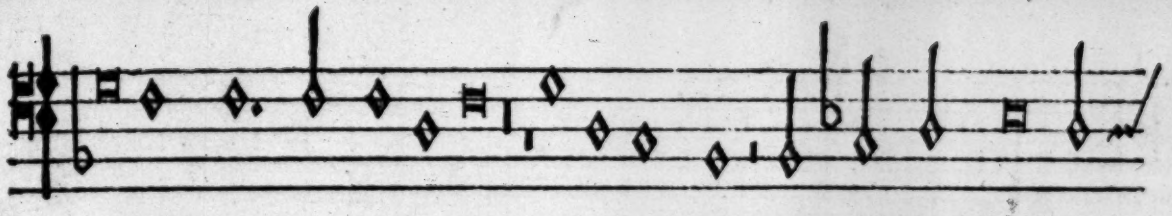


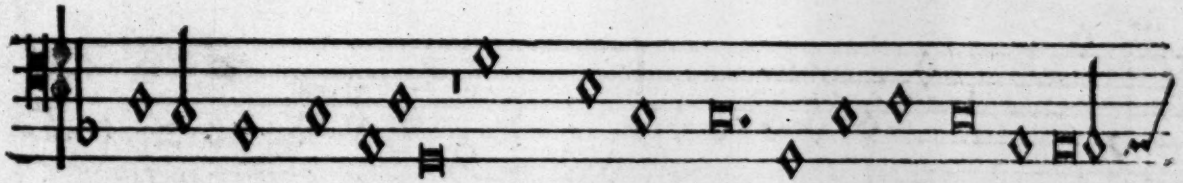
quod Master Tauerner

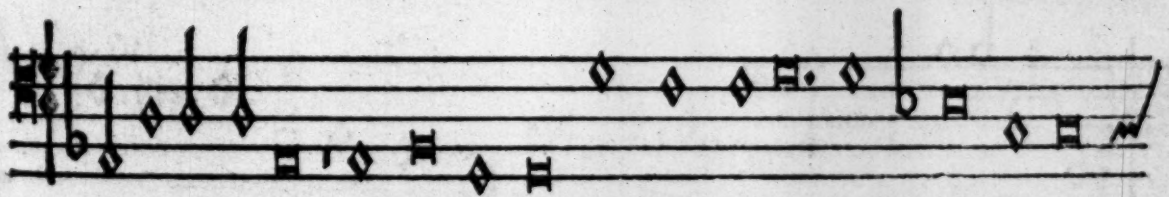


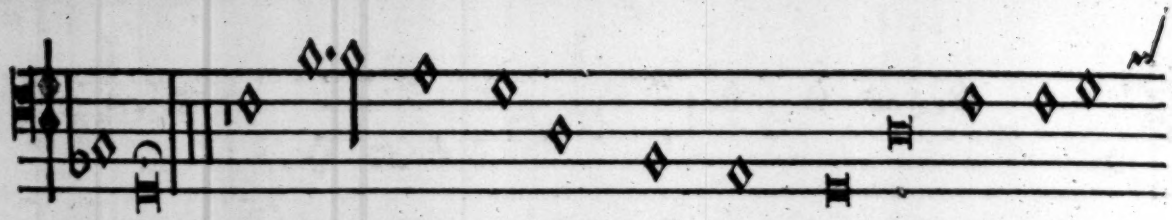
And I mankynd haue not in mynd my loue

that mornyth for me for me who is my loue but god Above

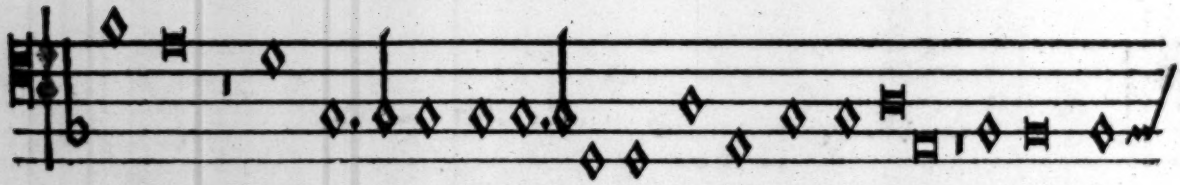

that born was of mary ād on the rode hys precious blode he


shed to make me fre whom shold I prouе so true of loue so gēt; l

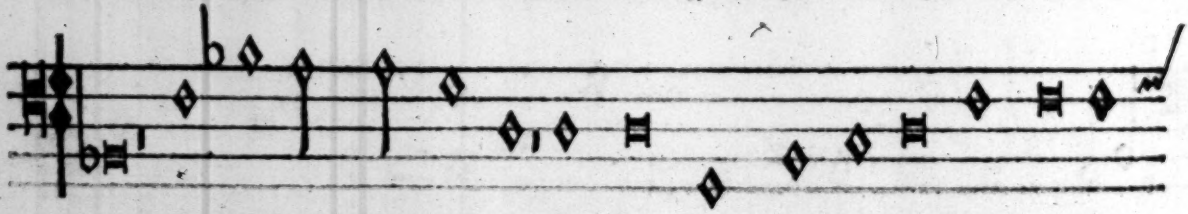

curtes as he that kig of blys my loue he ys that mōrth so sor



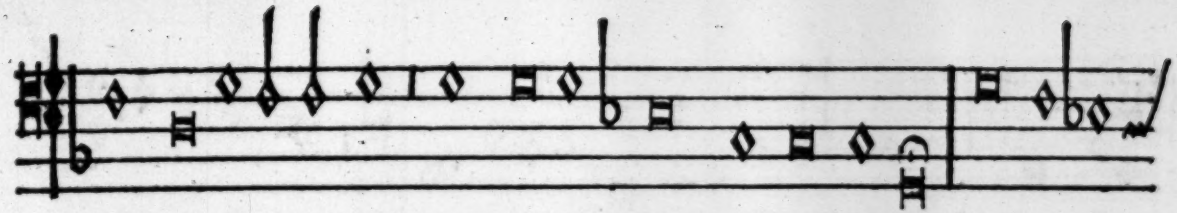
for me The father hys son frō heuyn sent down & borne was of



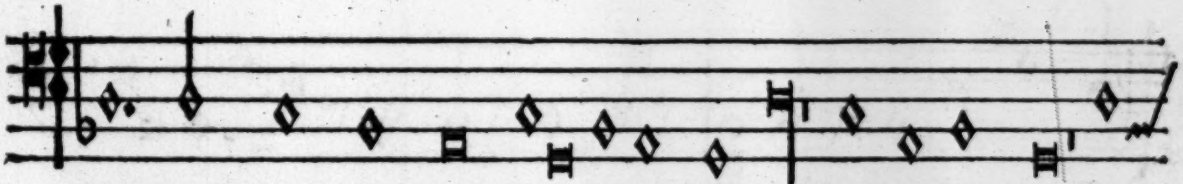
A mayd The ꝓphesye of Isay fulfylyd he and sayd behold man



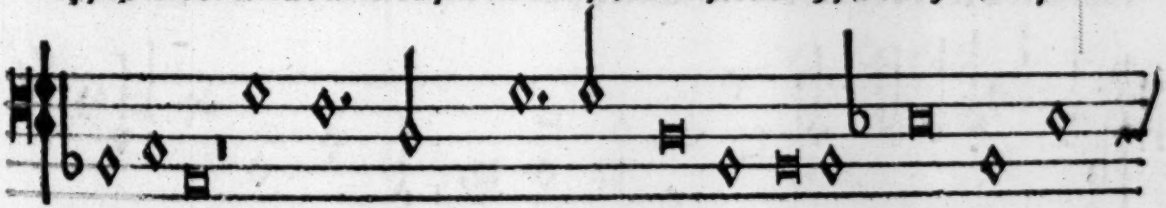
kynd thy maker moſt louyng for thy loue come to dye what ys thy



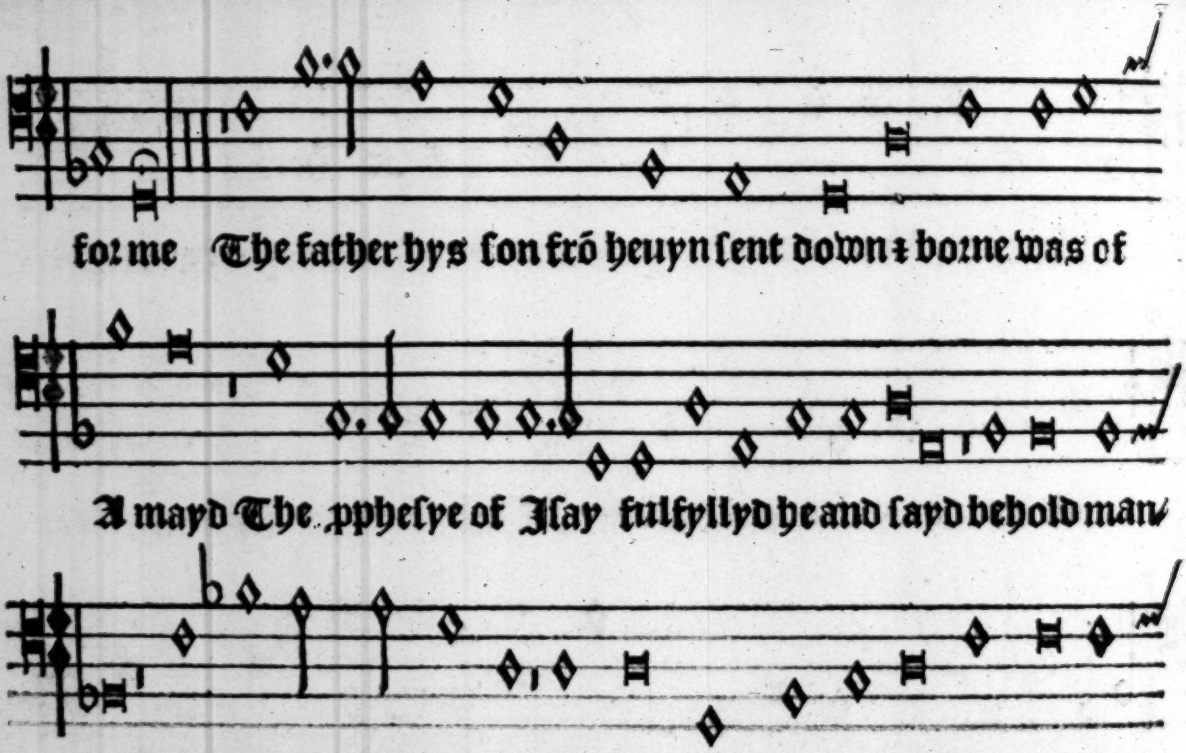
mynd to be so vnkynd syth I so mourne for the for the that virgyns

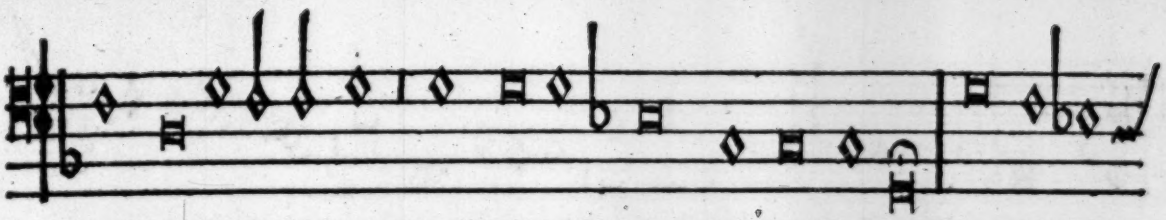


chyld most meke and myld alonly for my sake hys fathers wyll for

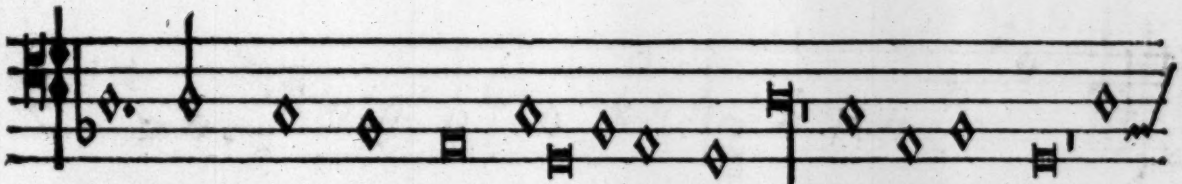


to fulfyl he came great payns to take and soffryd deth as scryp-


for me The father hys son frō heuyn sent down & borne was of
A mayd The ꝓphesye of Isay fulfyllyd he and sayd behold man
kynd thy maker most louyng for thy loue come to dye what ys thy

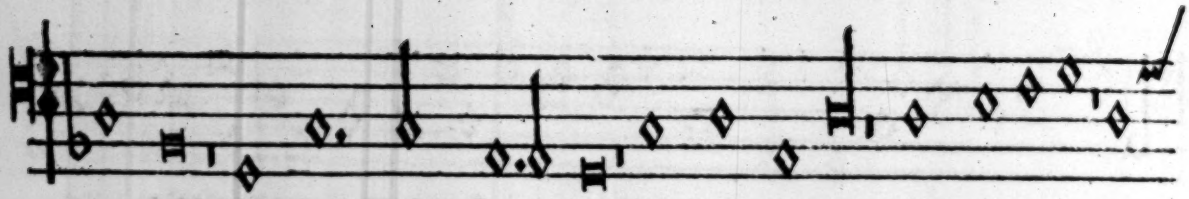


mynd to be so vnkynd syth I so mourne for the for the that virgyns

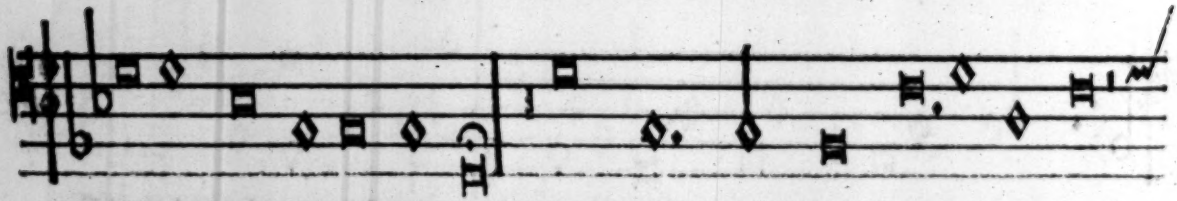


chyld most meke and myld alonly for my sake hys fathers wyll for

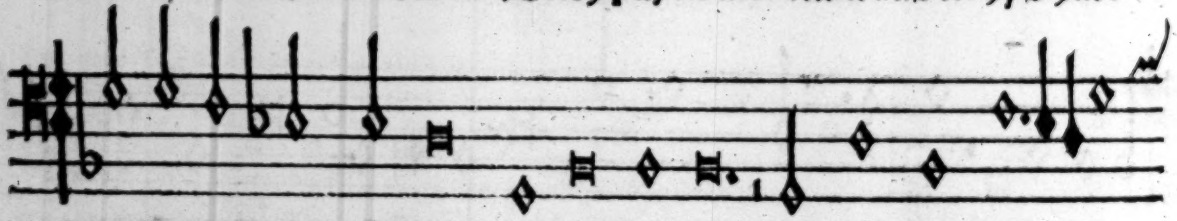
to fulfyl he came great payns to take and soffrȝd deth as scryp



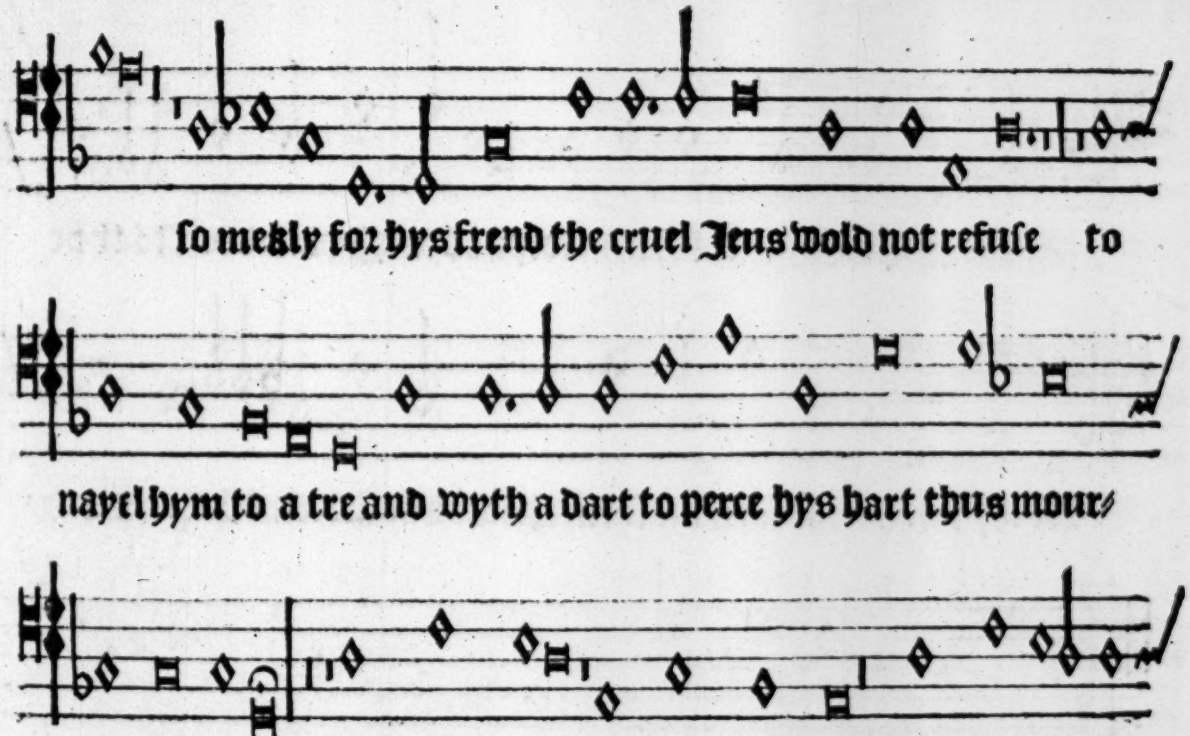
tur sayth that we shuld sauyd be on good fryday wherfor I say he

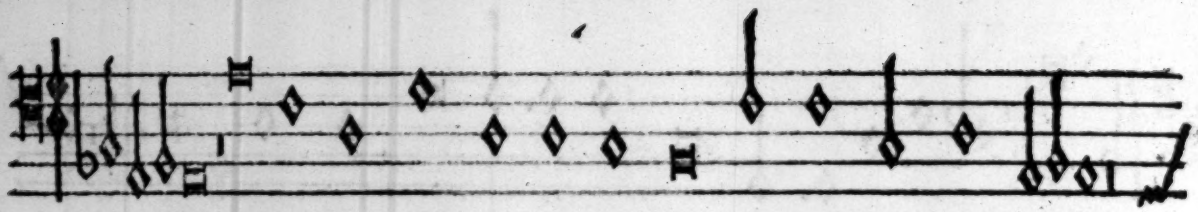


mournyd sore for me for me Such payne and smart as in hys hart

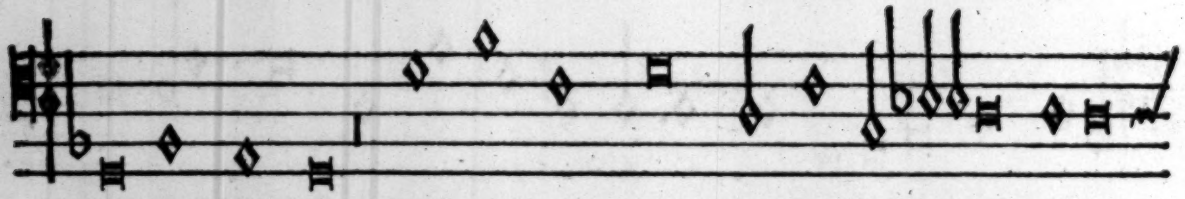


he suffred for mankynd can no man take nor mournig make

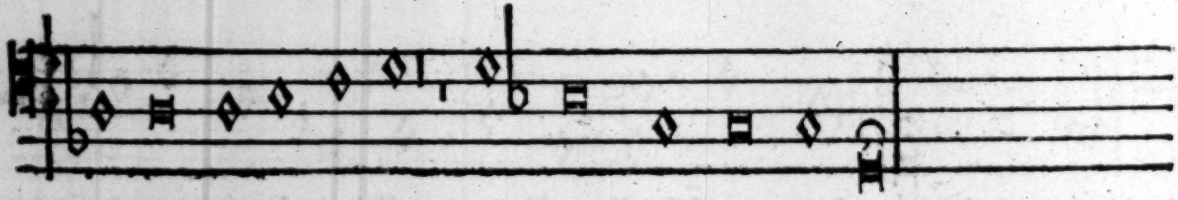

so meekly for hys frend the cruel Jeus wold not refuse to
nayel hym to a tre and wyth a dart to perce hys hart thus mour/
nyd he for me Now cryst Jhū of loue most treu haue mercy a pon



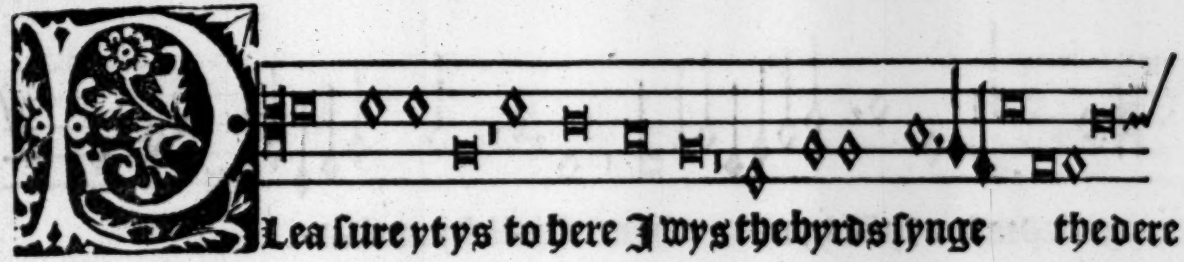
me I axe the grace for my trespas that I haue done to the

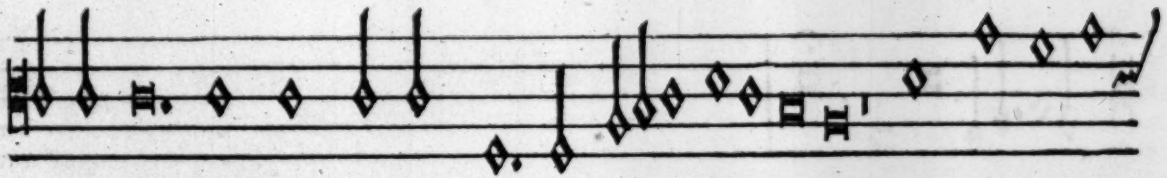


for thy swet name saue me from shame and all ad vlytye for ma-

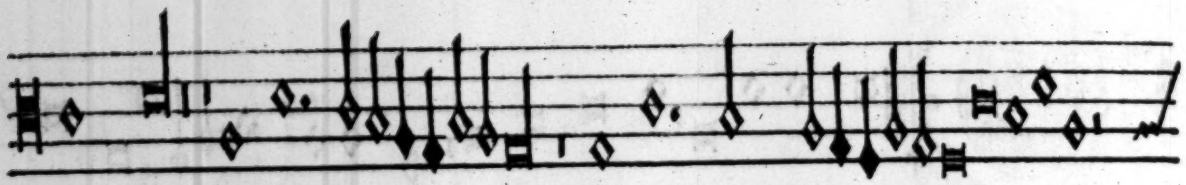


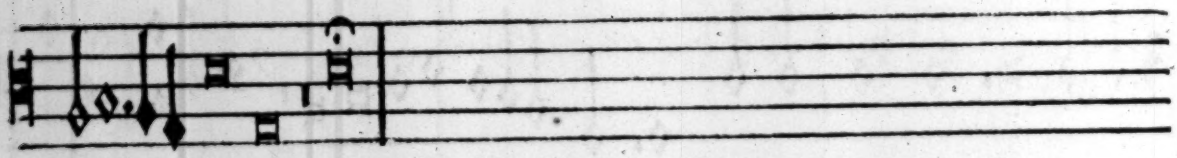
rys sake to the me take and mourn no more for me. Johñ gwynneth

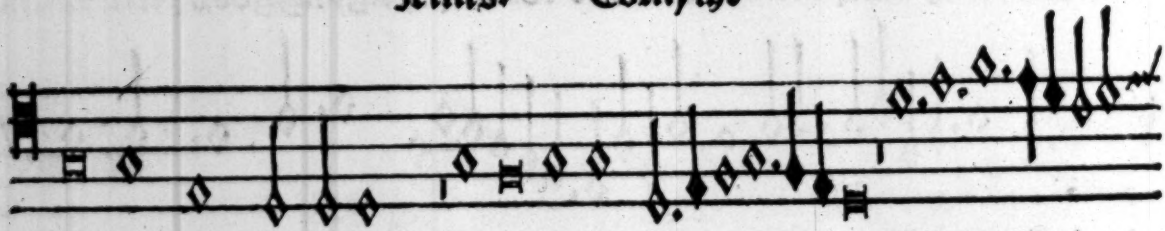

Dea sure yt ys to here I wys the byrds synge the dere

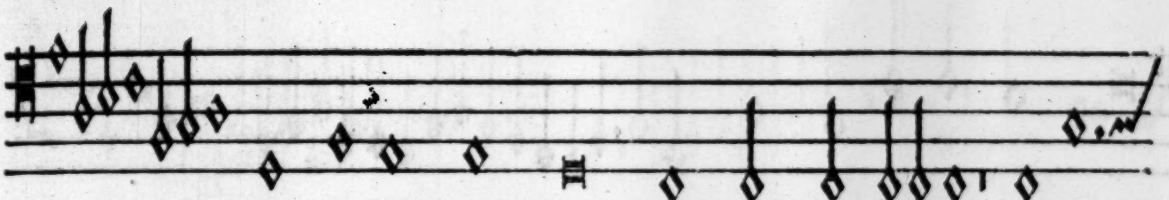

in the dale the chepe in the vale the corne spryngyng gods puruyaunce

for sustenaunce yt ys for man then we all wayse to hym

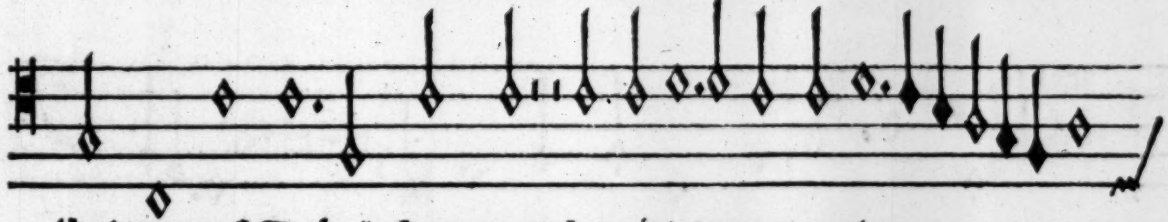

gruc prase ⁊ thãk hym than ⁊ thãk hym than


Finis. Cornyche

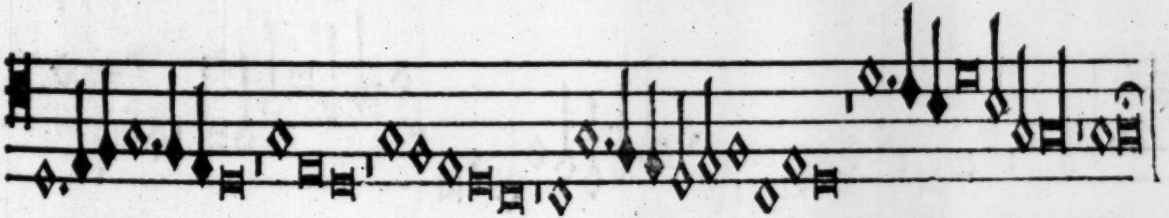

Concordans mulycall Jugyd by the ere of lyztys gy



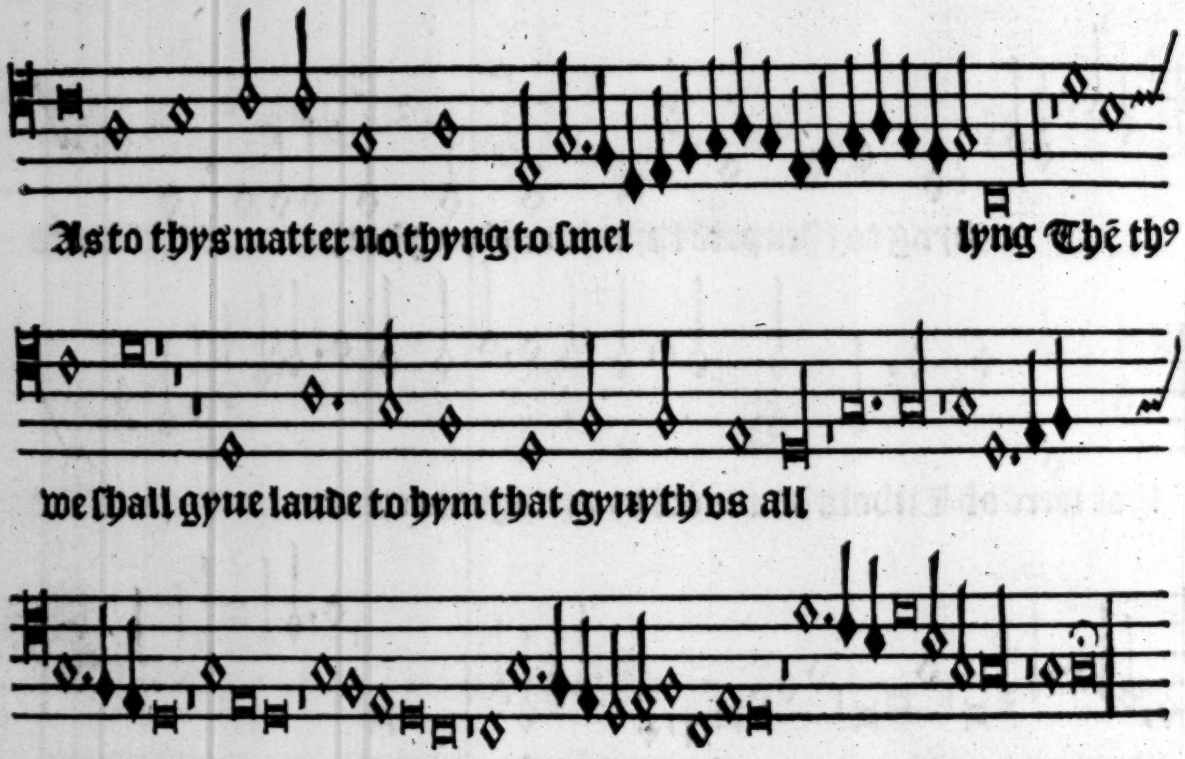
dyng to ther pert thyng touchyng doth execute the souns

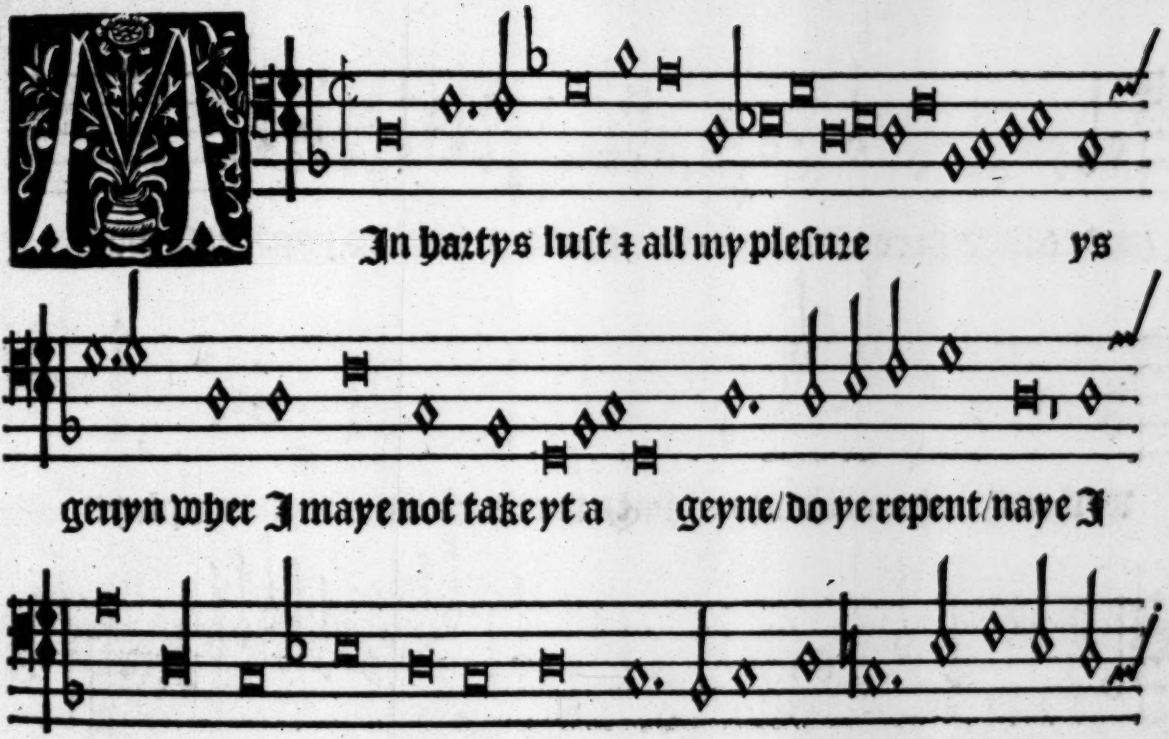


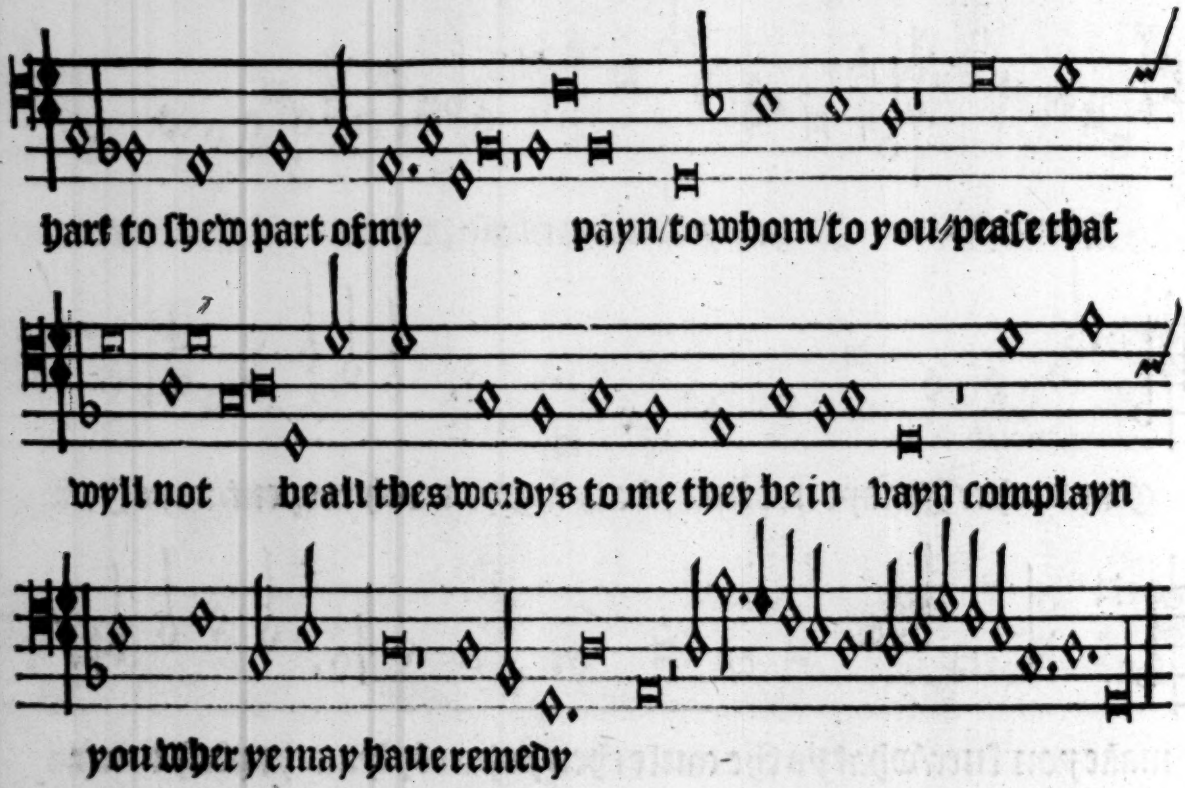
that were of Tubals hammers by pictagoras contry

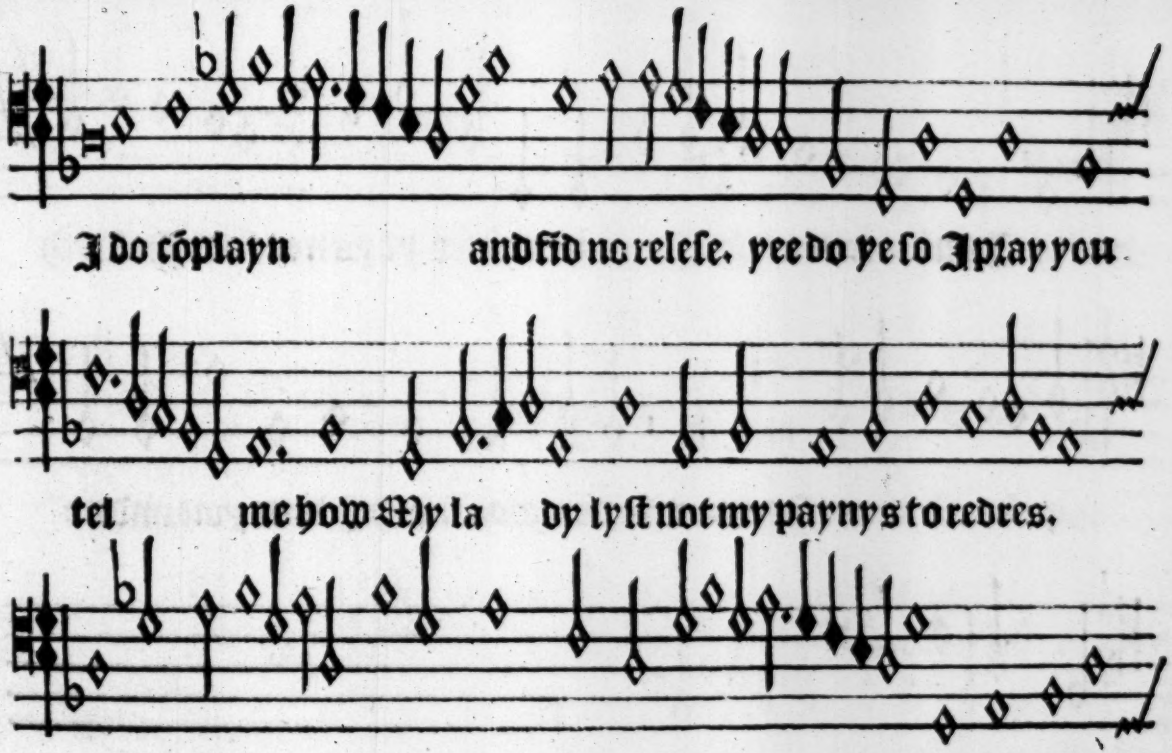


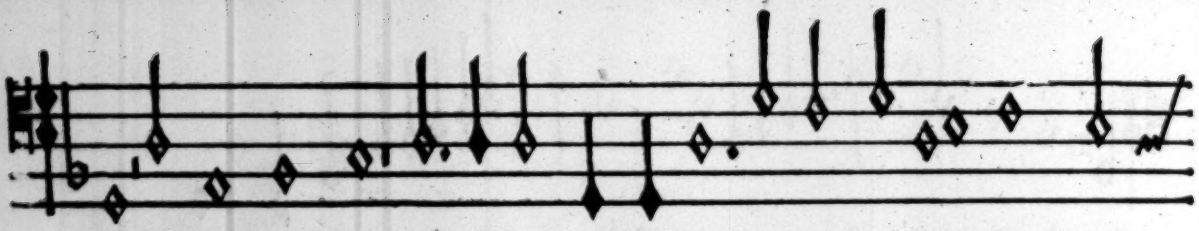
uyng


As to thys matter no thyng to smel
lyng Thē thy
we shall gyue laude to hym that gyuyth vs all

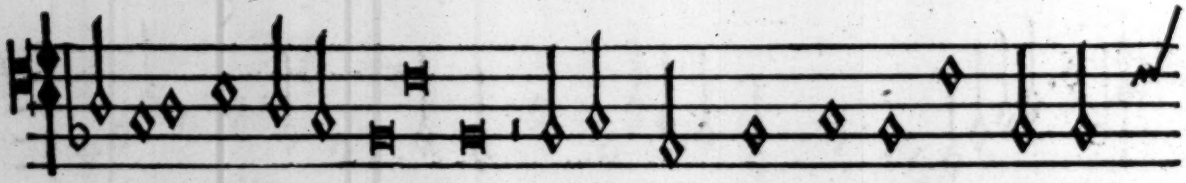

In hartys luſt ⁊ all my pleſure ys
geuyn wher I maye not take yt a geyne/ do ye repent/ naye I
make you ſuer/ what ys the cauſe then ye do cõplyan/ yt pleſyth my


hart to shew part of my payn/to whom/to you/pease that
wyll not be all thes wordys to me they be in vayn complayn
you wher ye may haue remedy


I do cõplayn and fid no relefe. yee do ye fo I pray you
tel me how My la dy lyft not my payns to redres.
fay yefoth yee I make god a vowe who ys your la

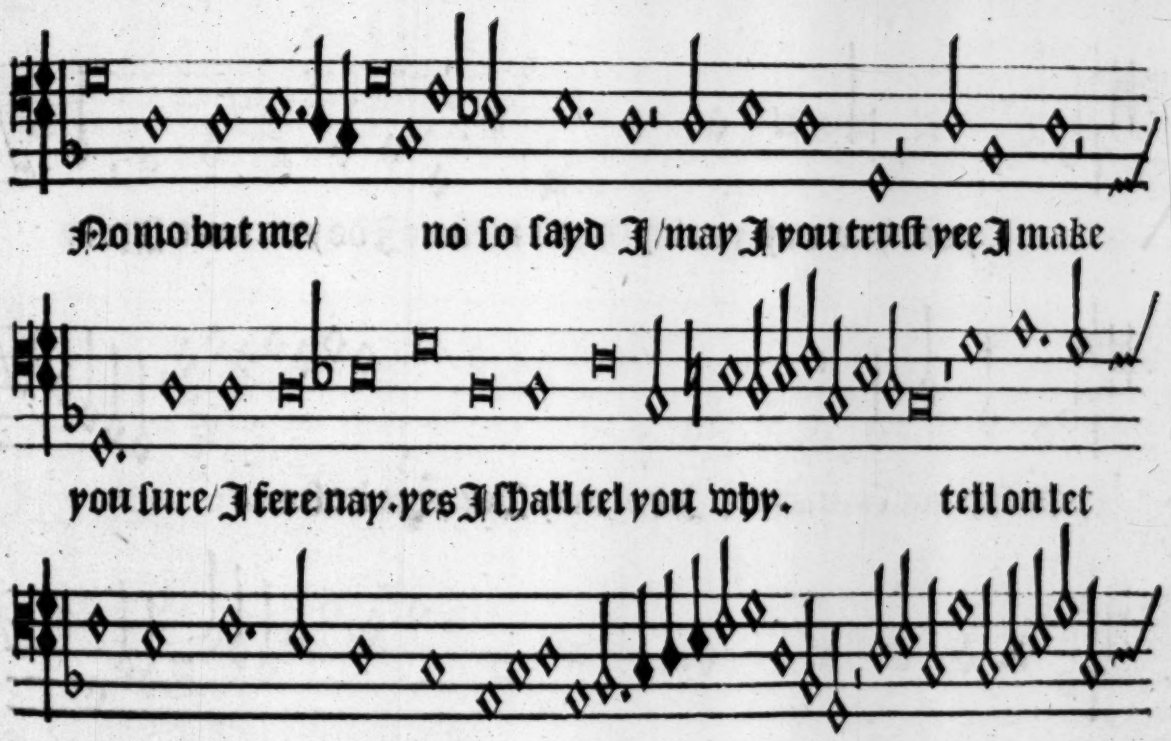


dy/I put caſe you:who I nay be yeſuer yt ys not ſoo: In fayth

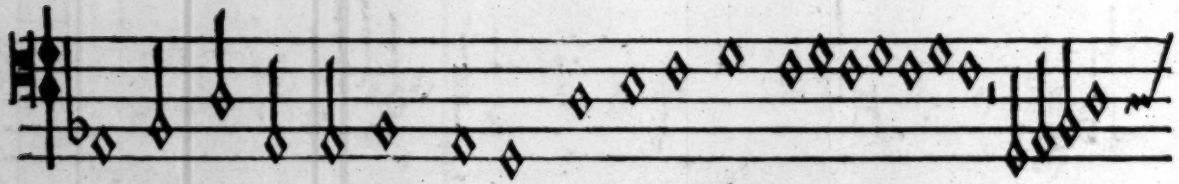


ye be:why do ye ſwer now for in good fayth I loue you and no

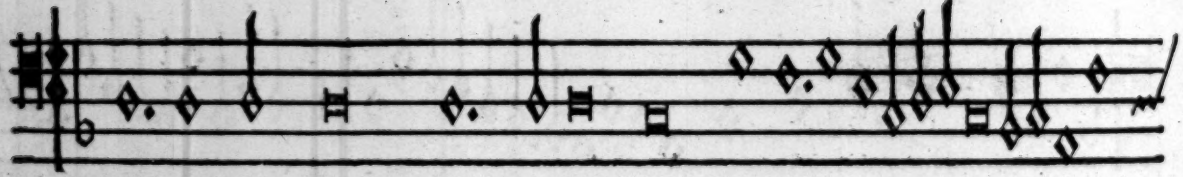
moo


No mo but me/ no ſo ſayd I/may I you truſt yee I make
you ſure/I fere nay.yes I ſhall tel you why. tell on let
here.ye haue my hart in cure

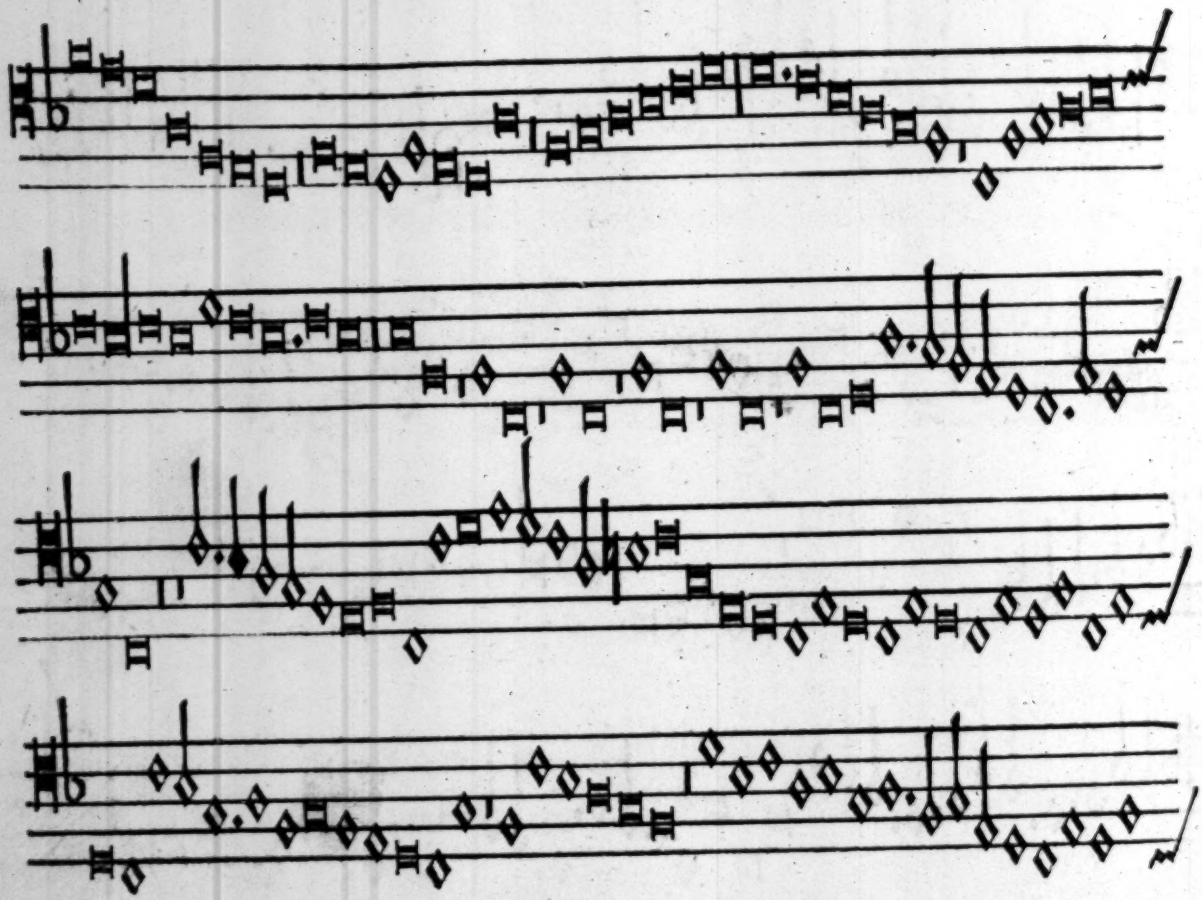
your hart nay. yes wyth out mesure I do you loue. I pray

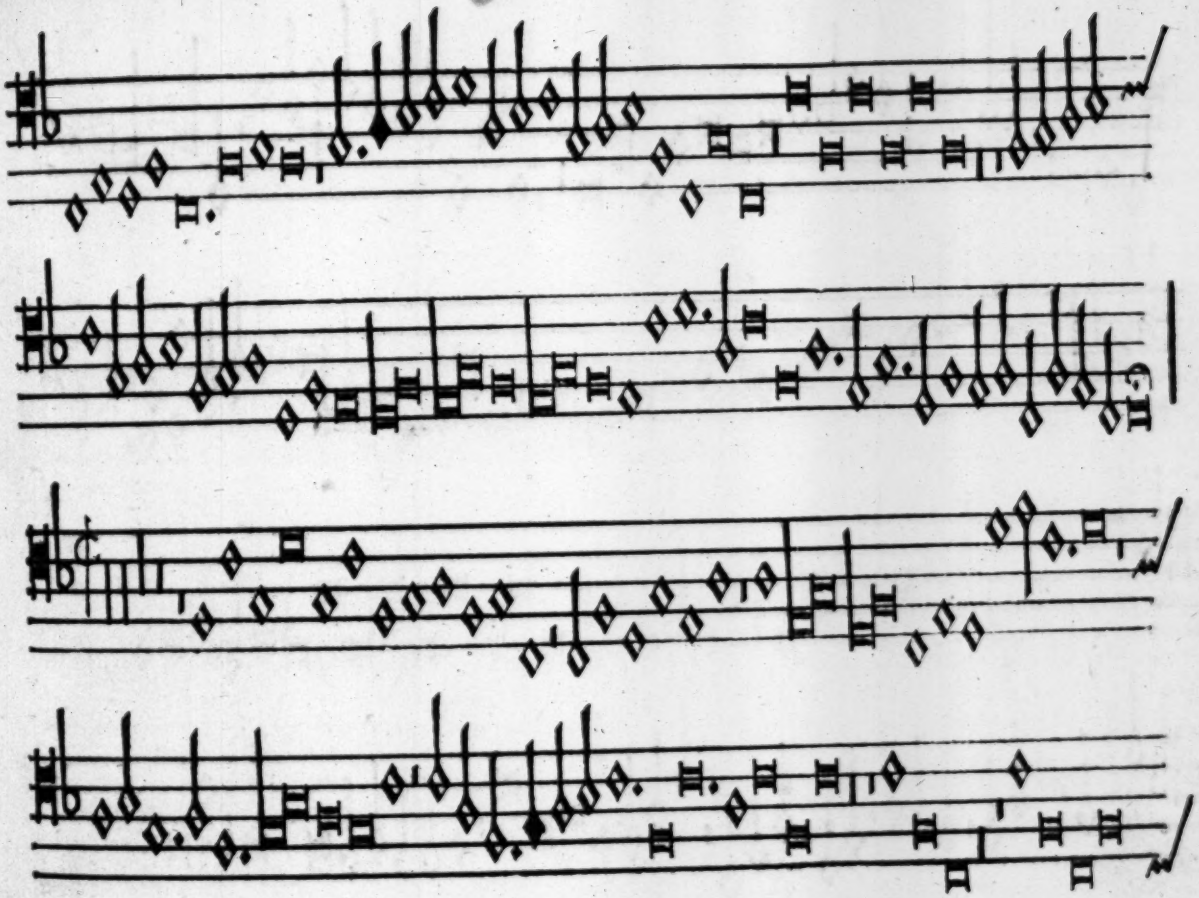


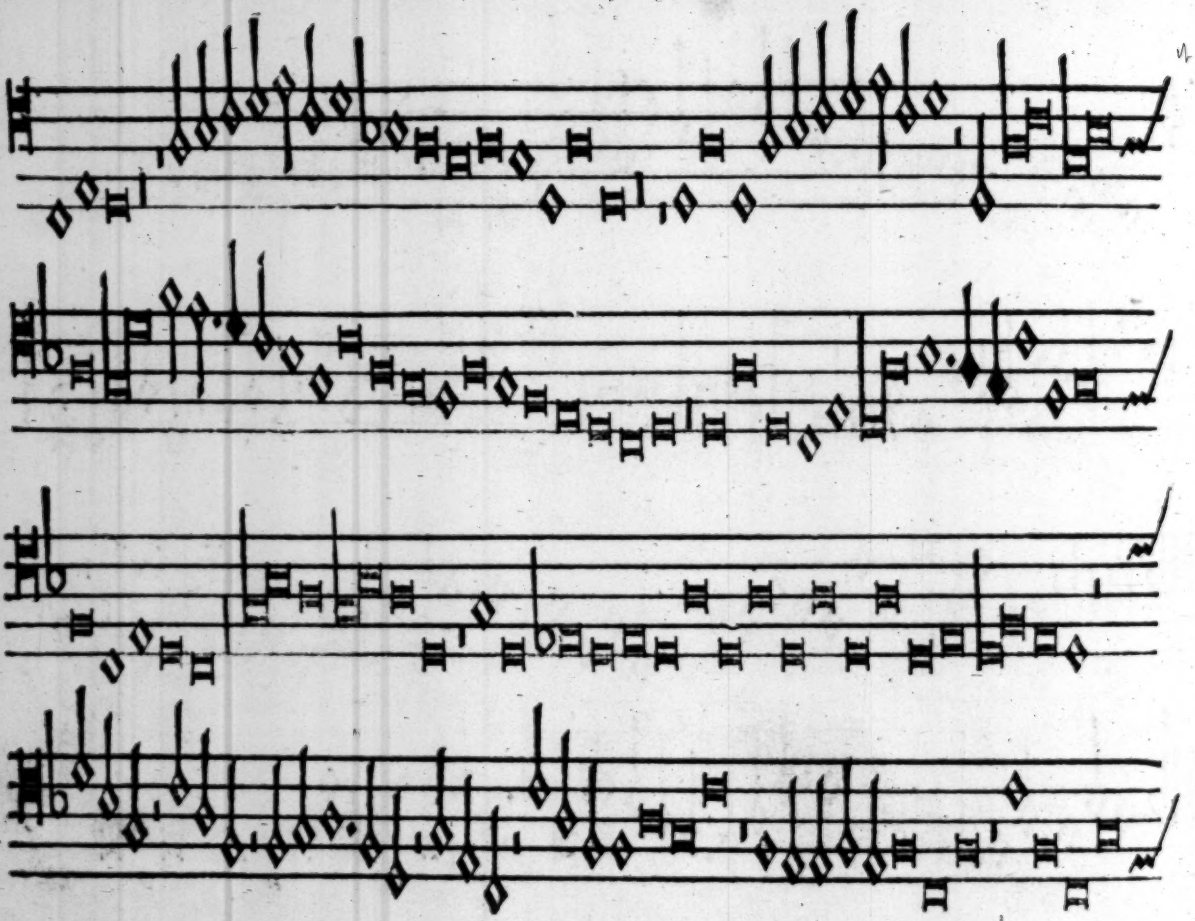
yow say not so. in feyth I do. may I of you be sure.

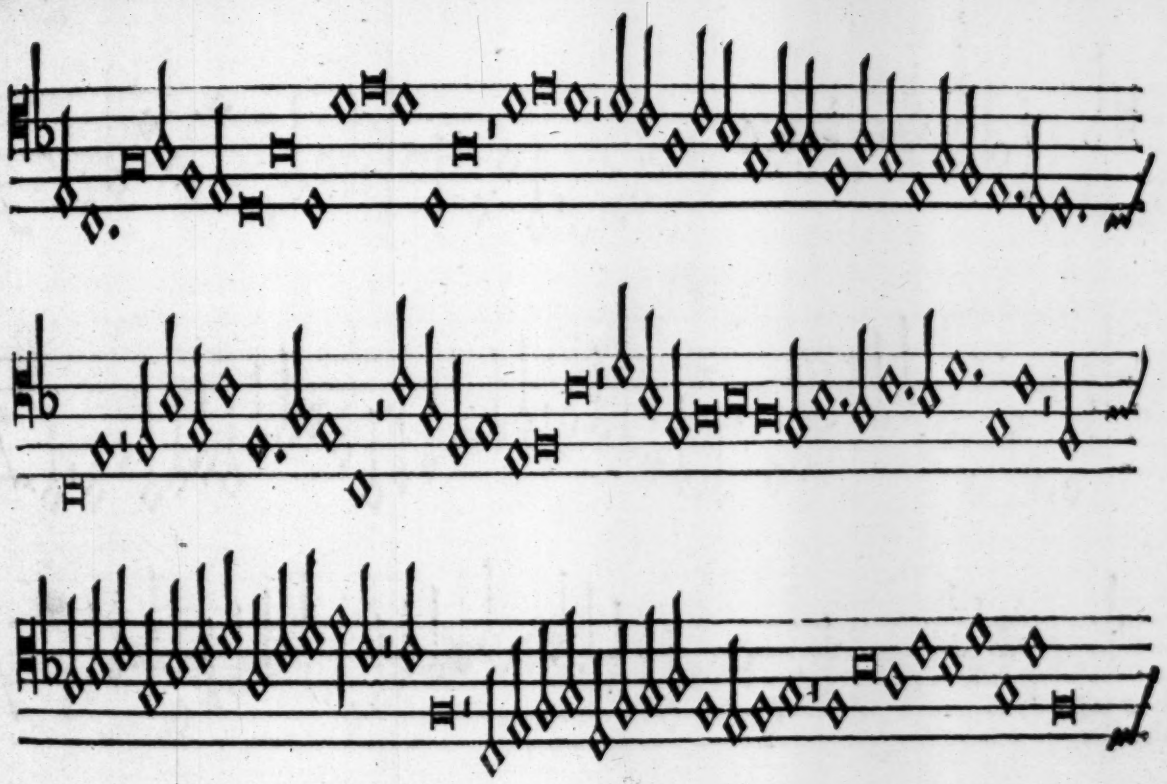


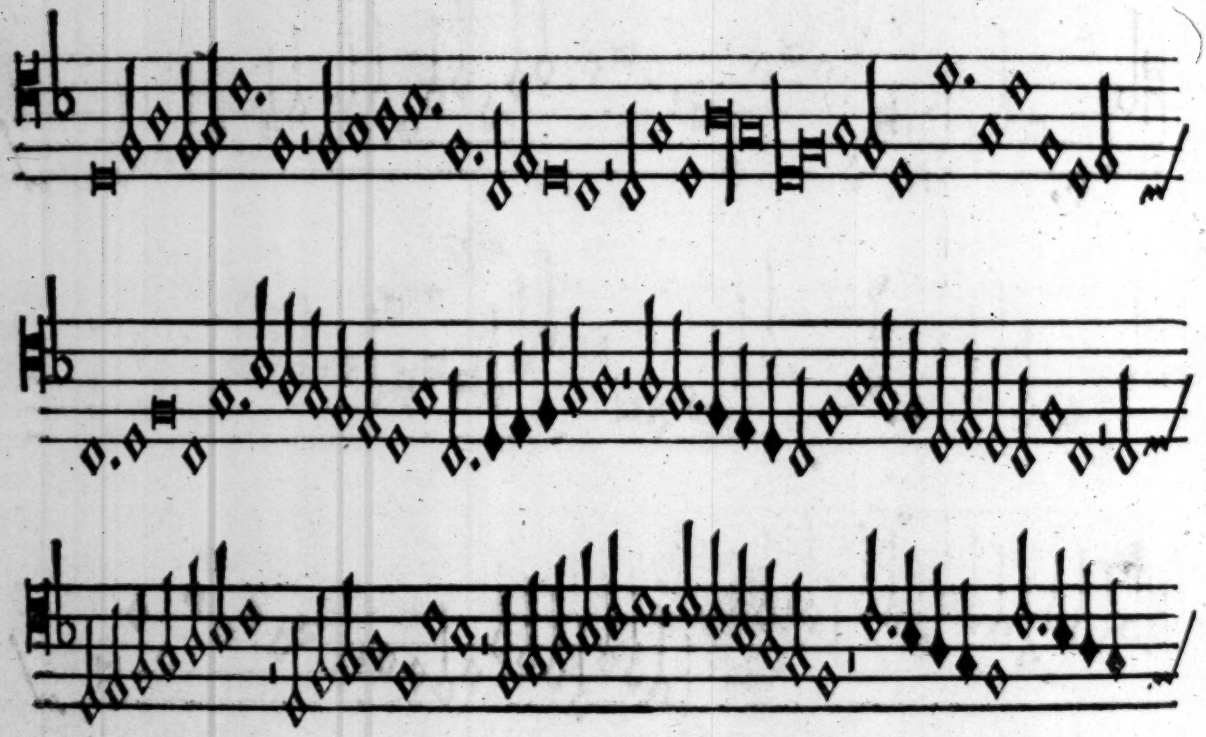
yee in good fayth. Then am I yours all soo

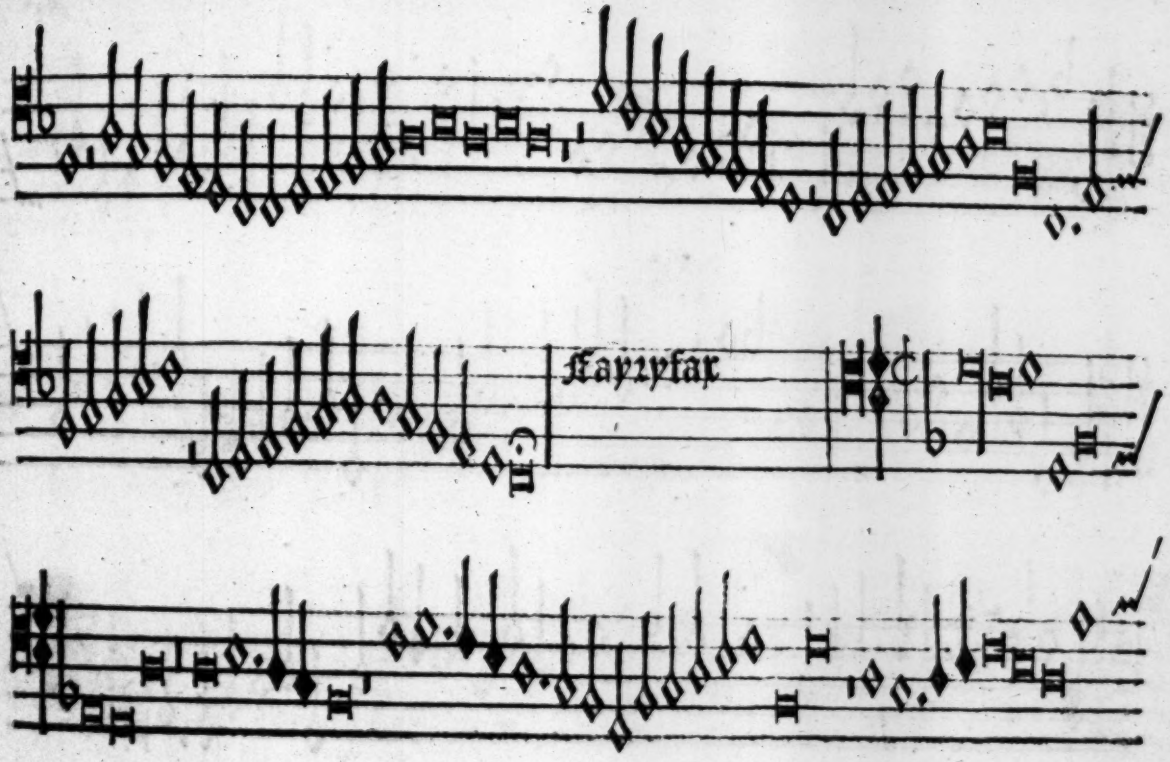


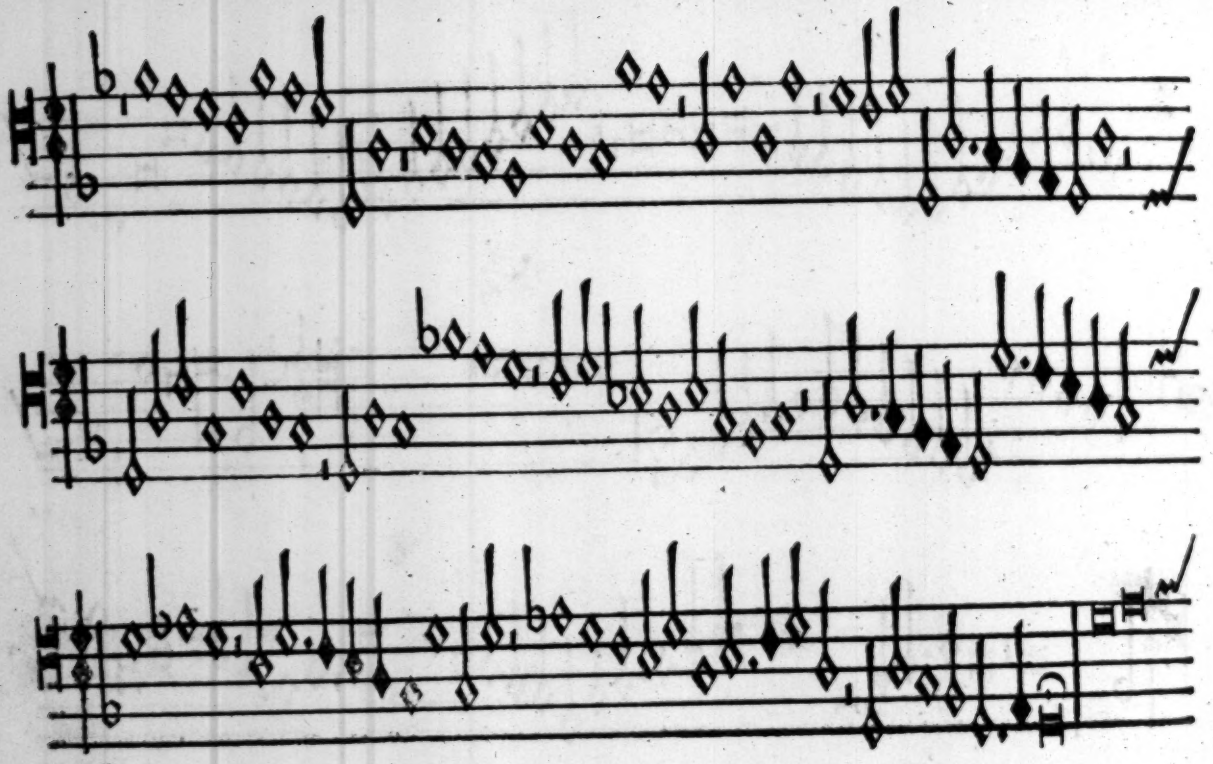


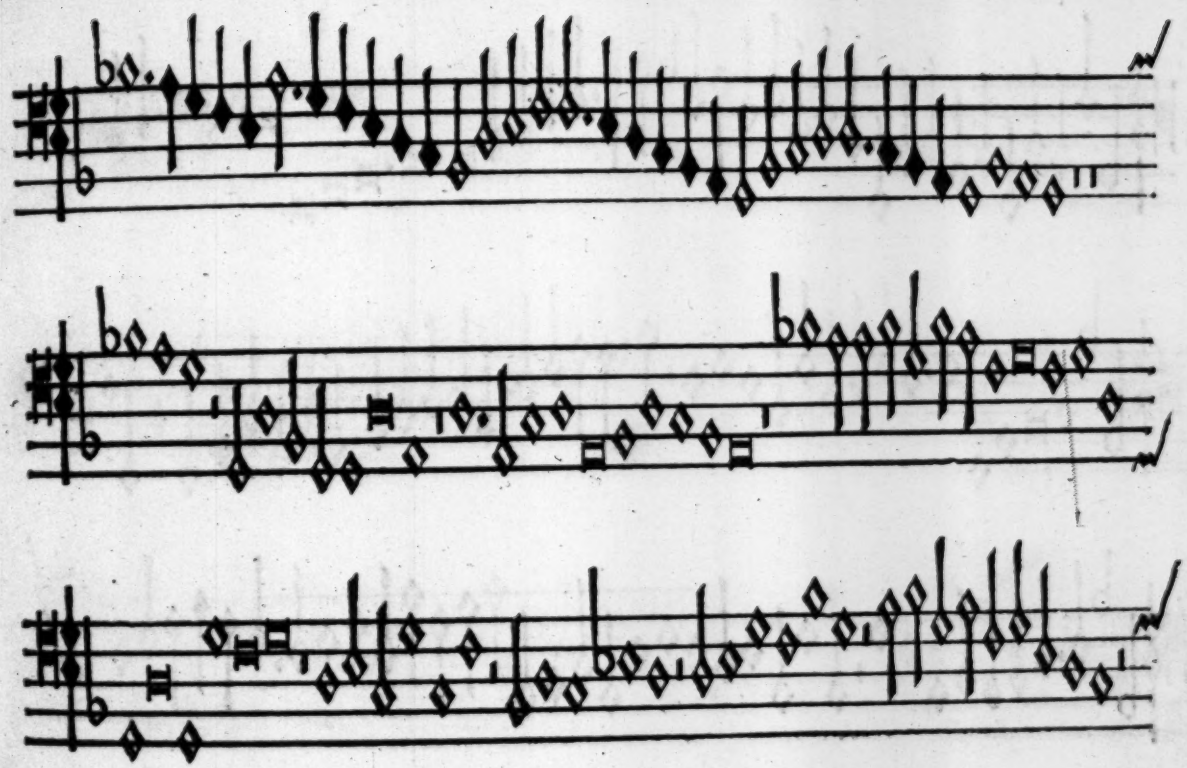


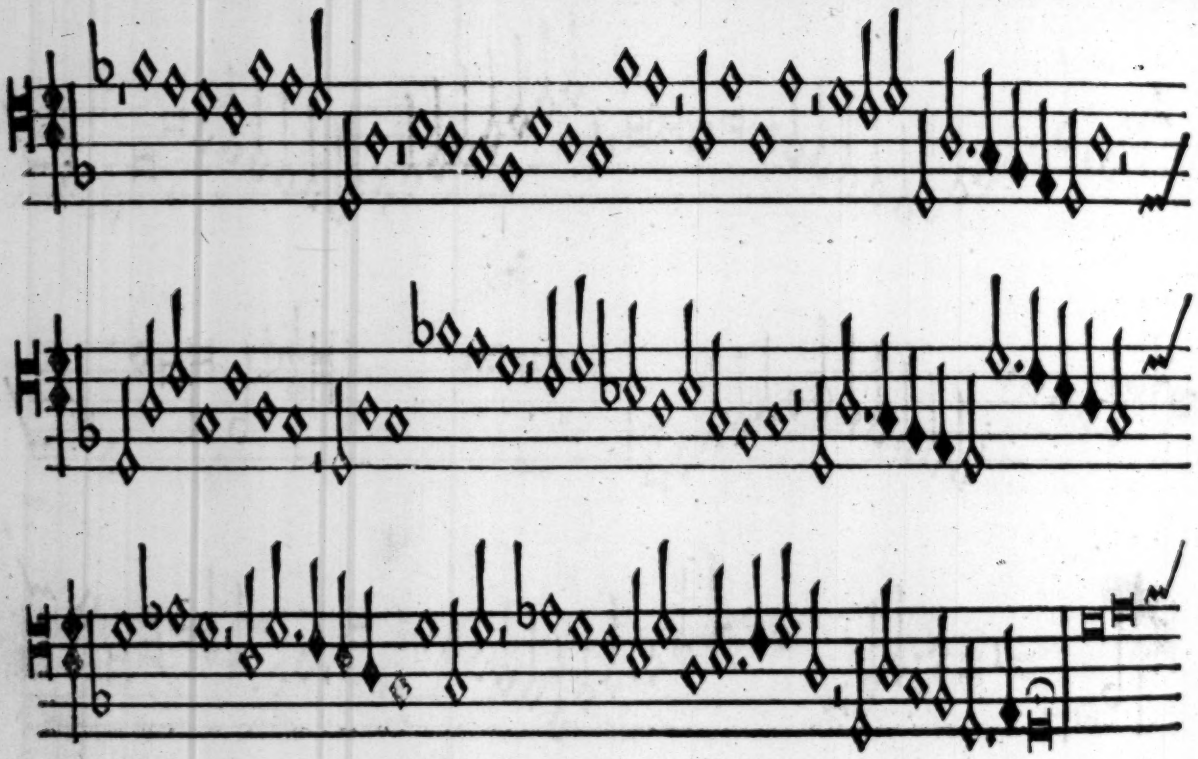


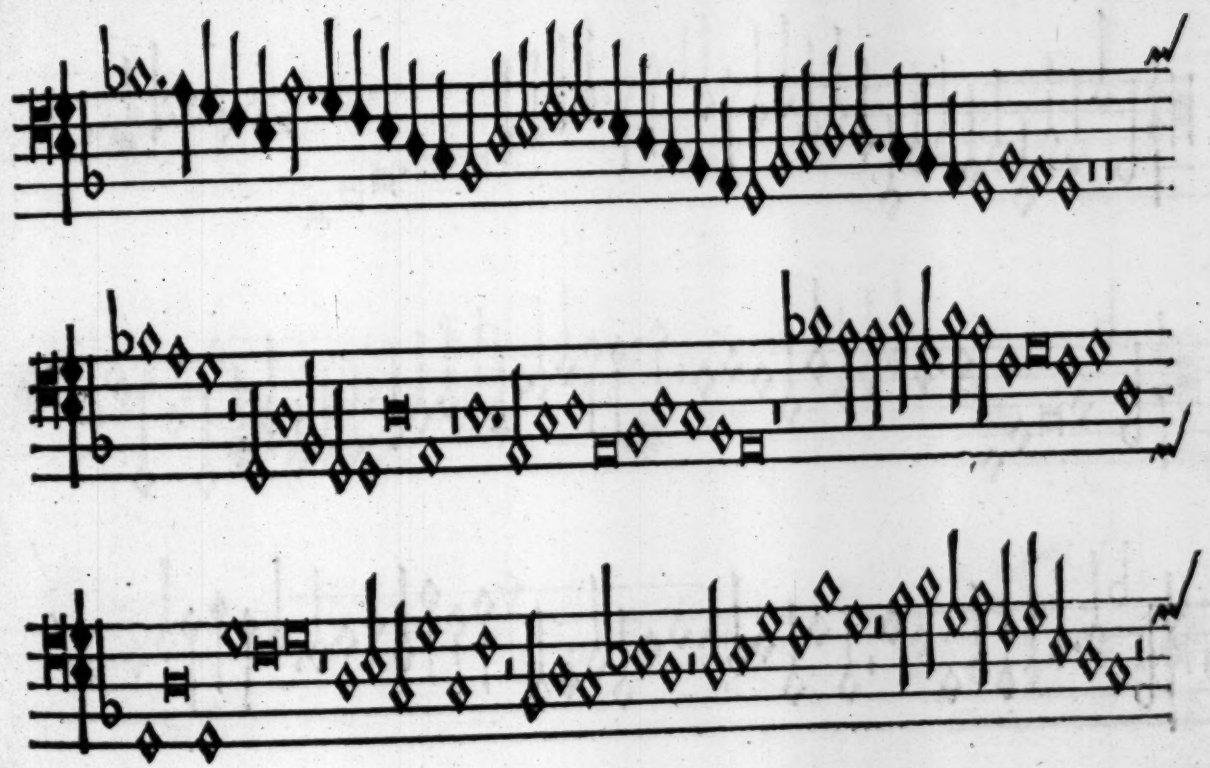


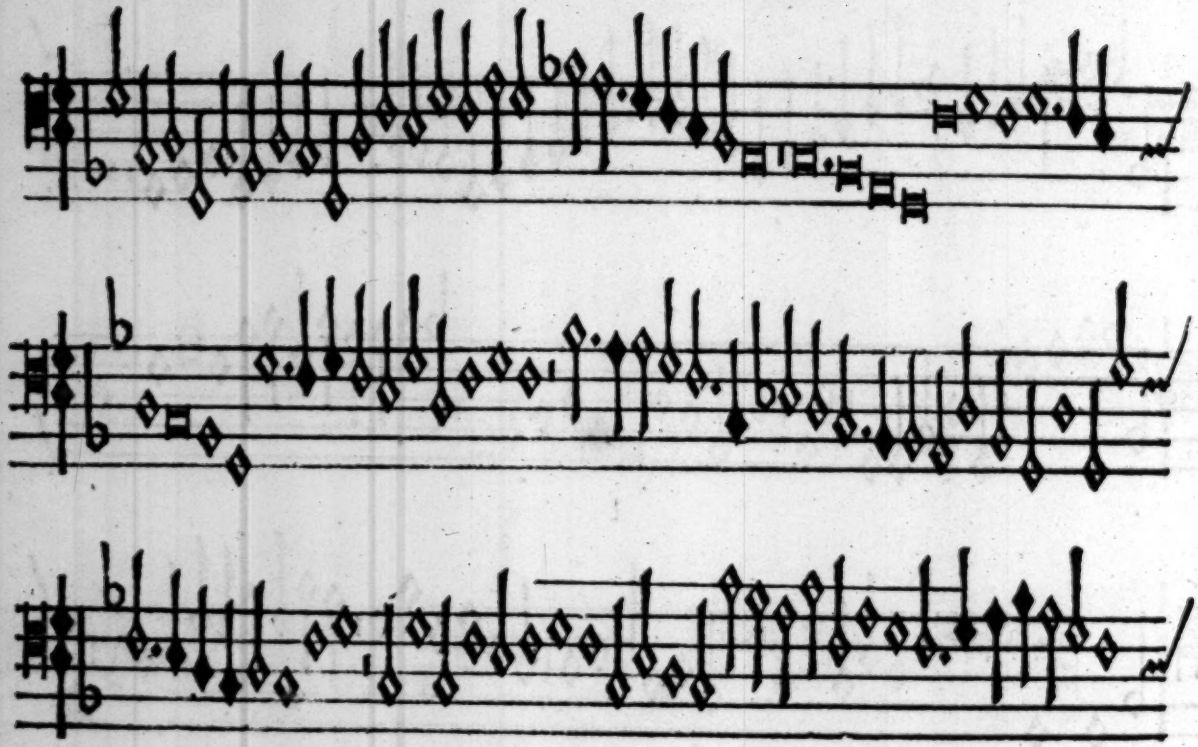

Kayzyfar

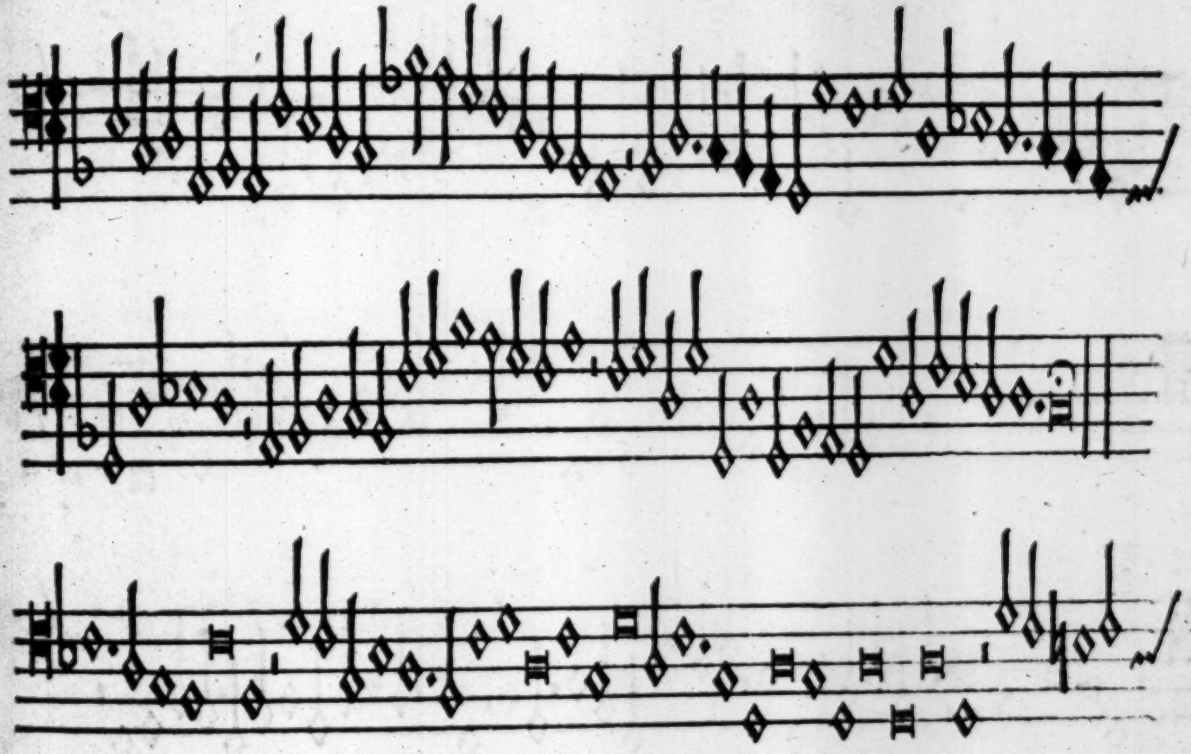


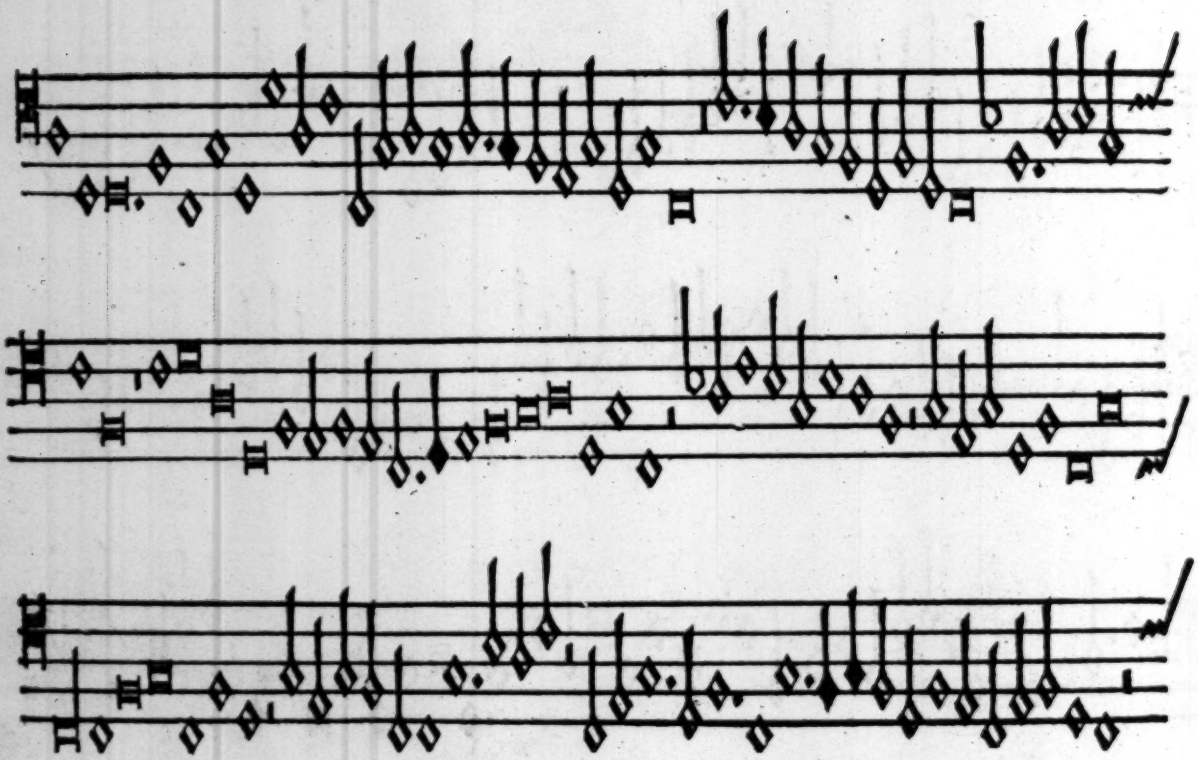


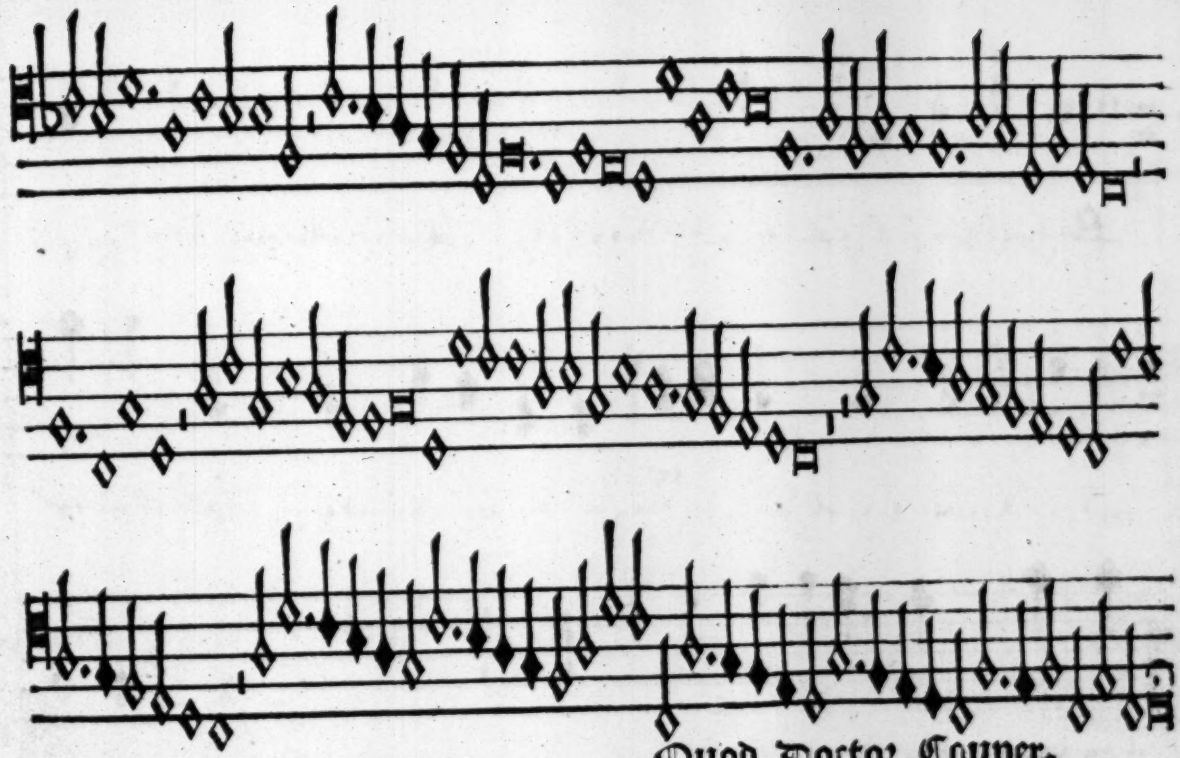




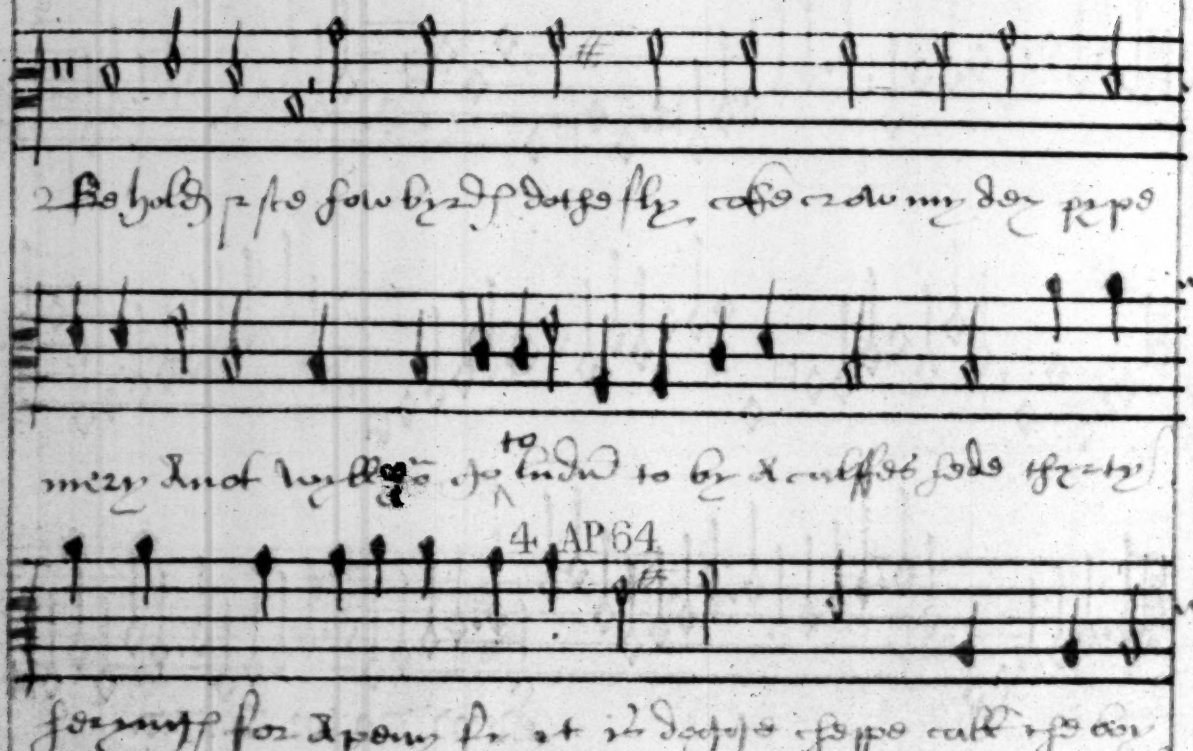








Quod Doctor Couper.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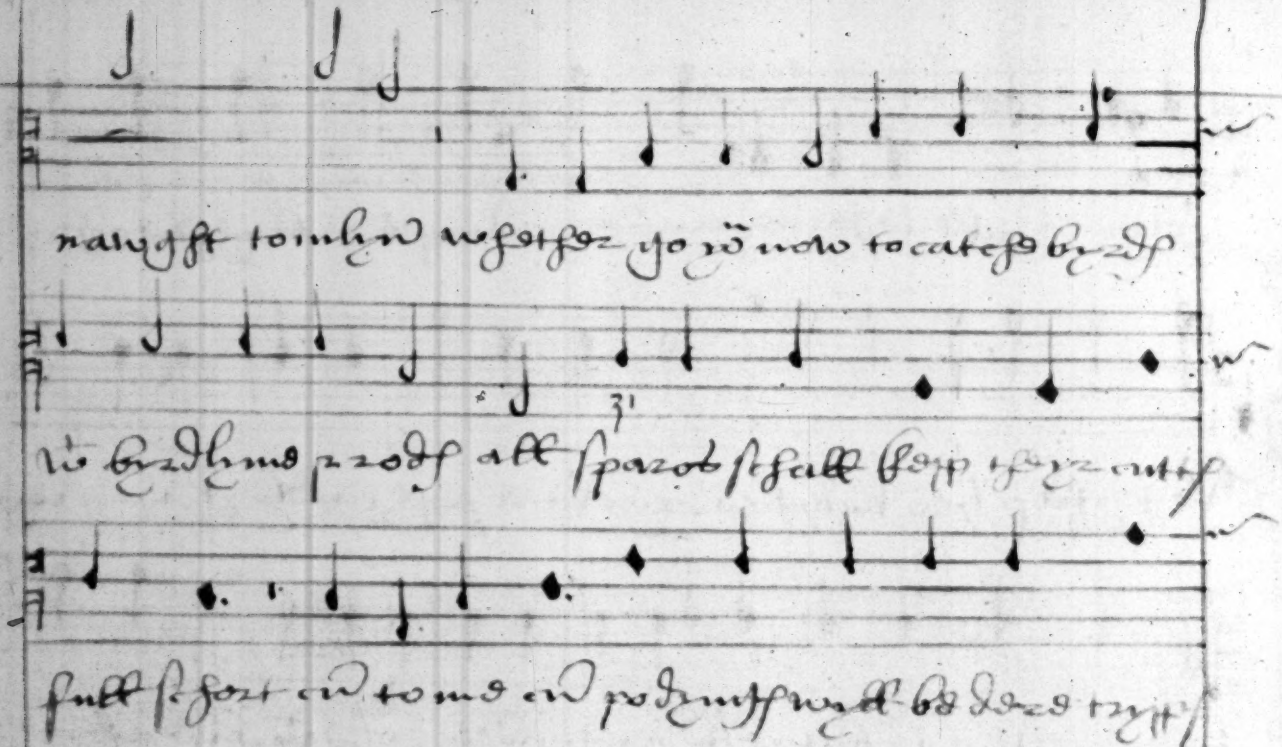

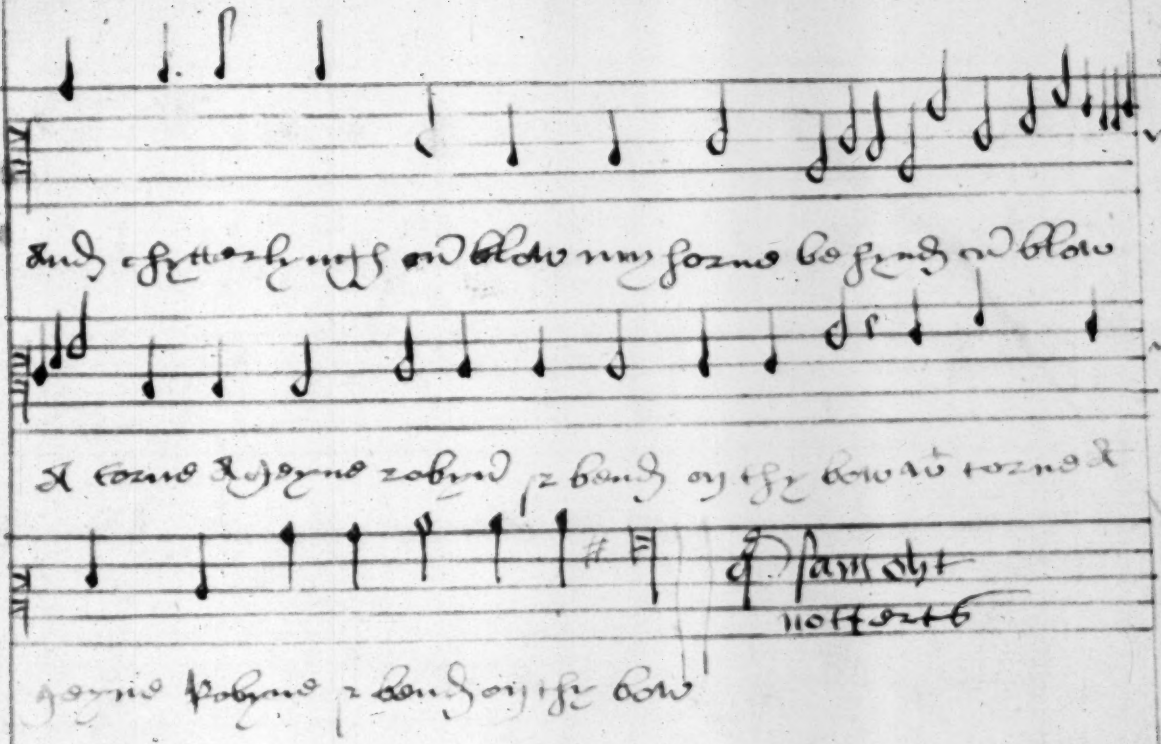

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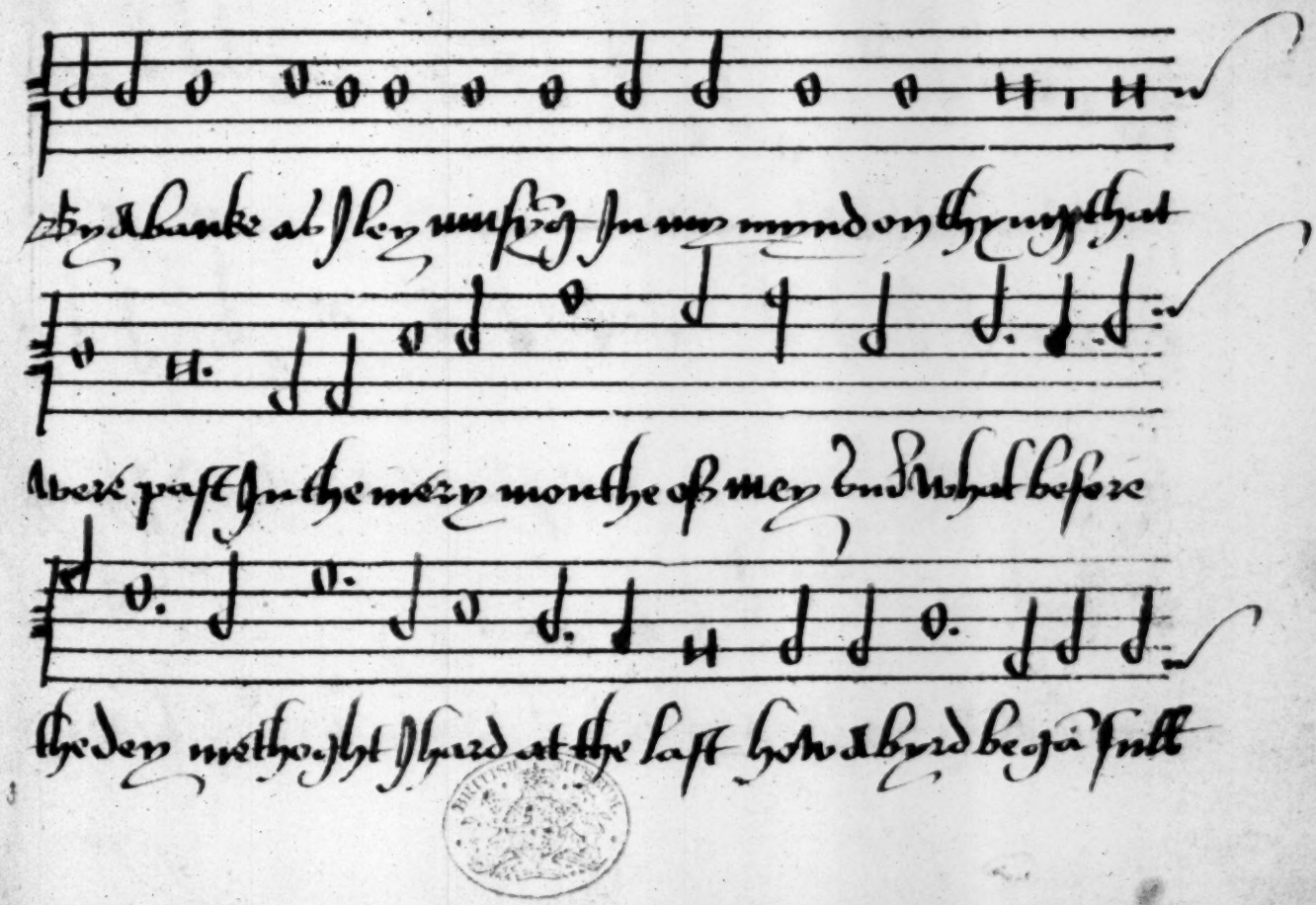
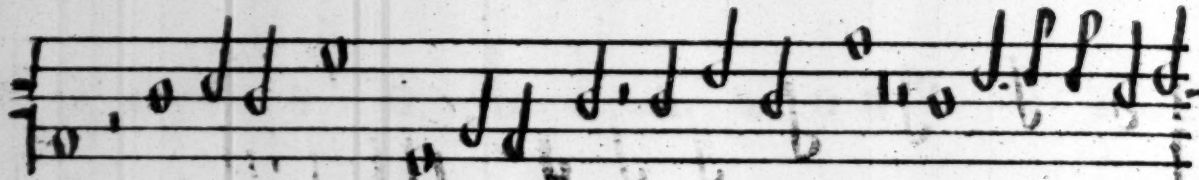
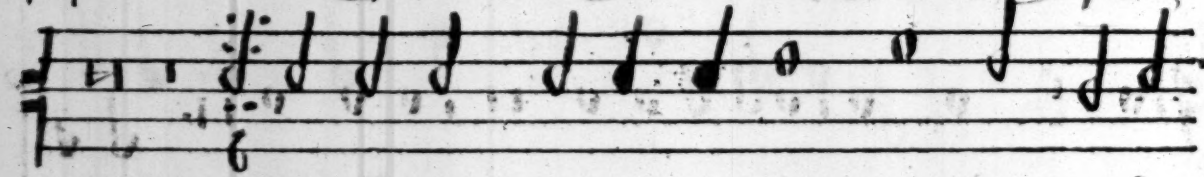
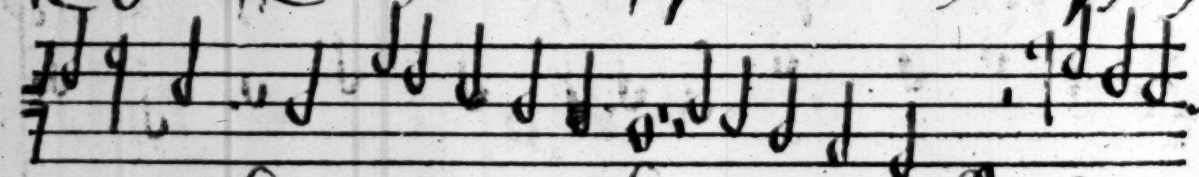




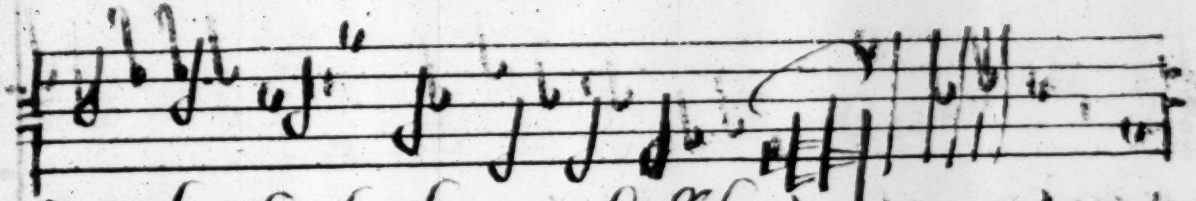
fast wt notis hy wt notis hy wt notis hy armonysly to



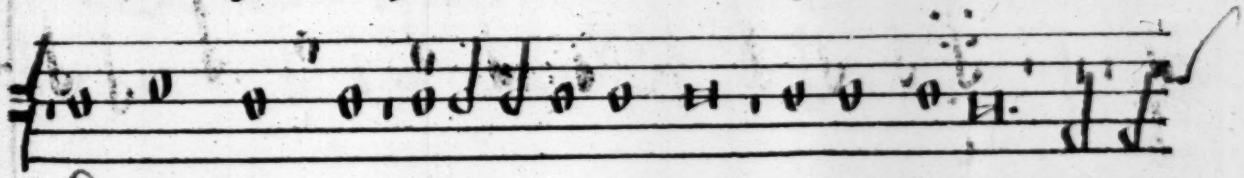
syng blessyd is that lond of ye lords own hond yt hathe



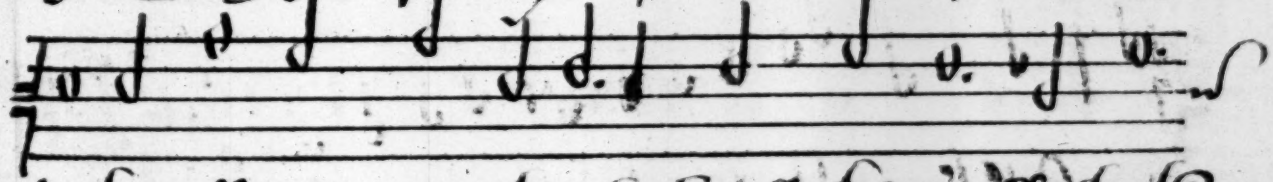
a nobull kyng yt h a n b k yt h a n b k yt h a n



bull / be / that hathe & nobull kyng

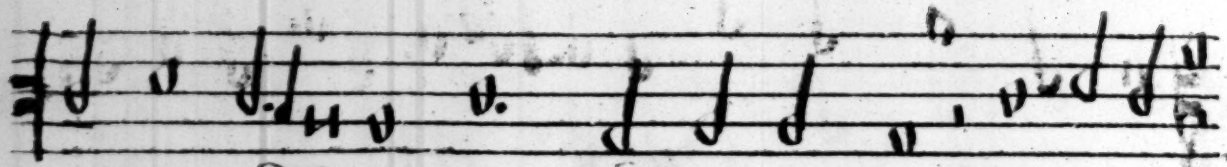


The nyghtyng all ye lady & mestres of all musyk syttyng

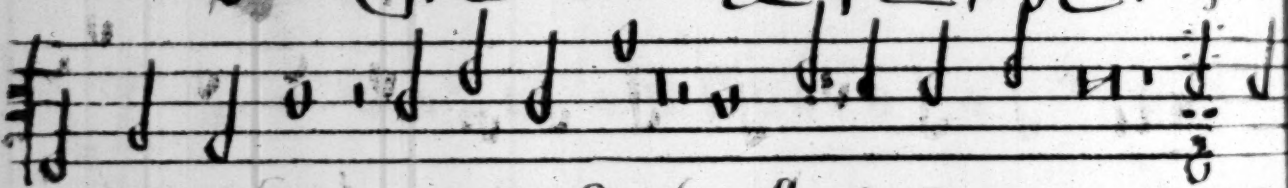


In the valle syngyng wt notis smalle she warbly the the

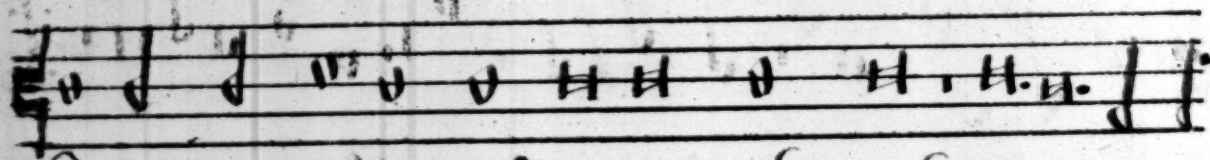
4



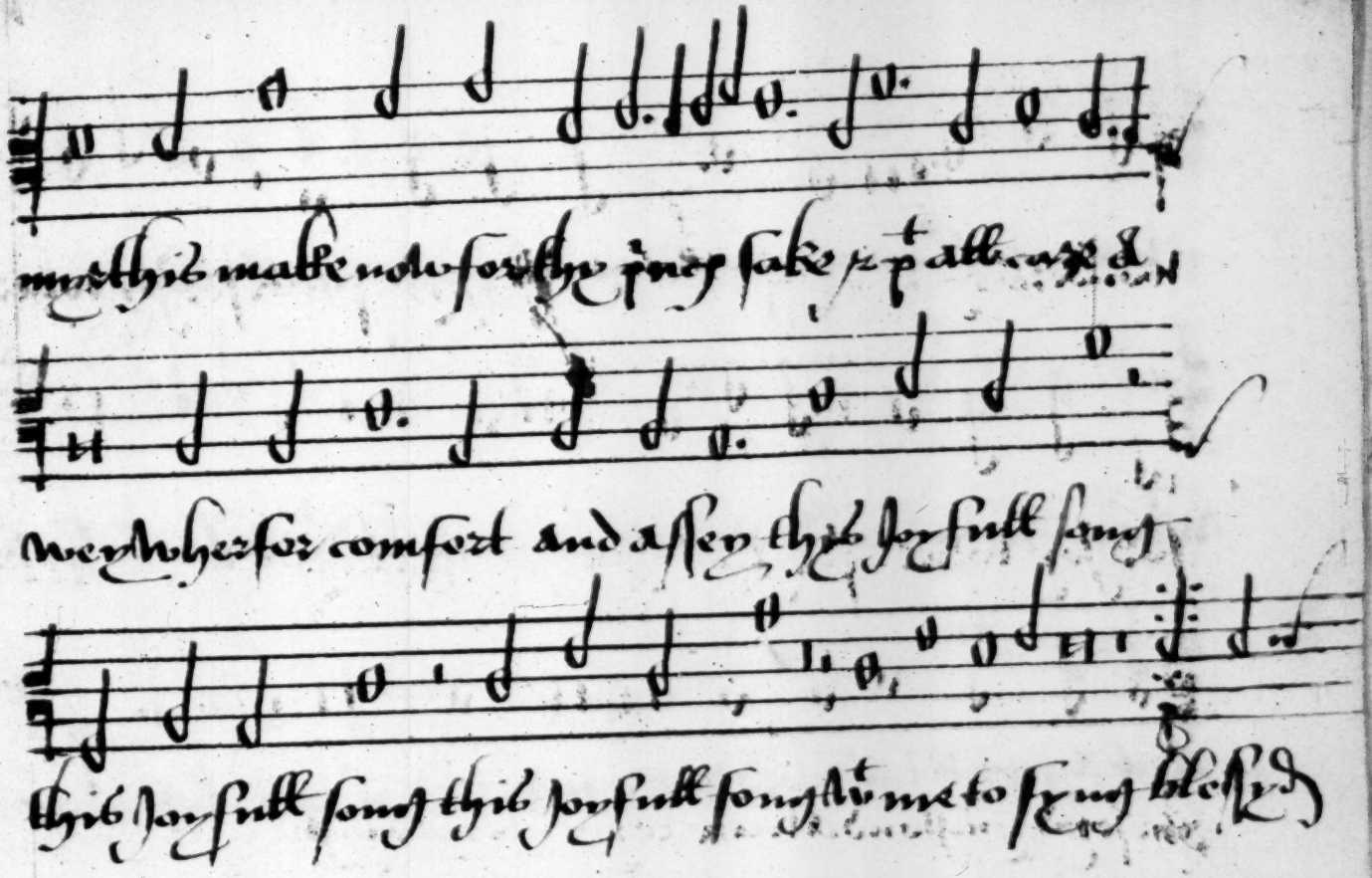
wonders thik my spryts the wayyd quyk for joy to here

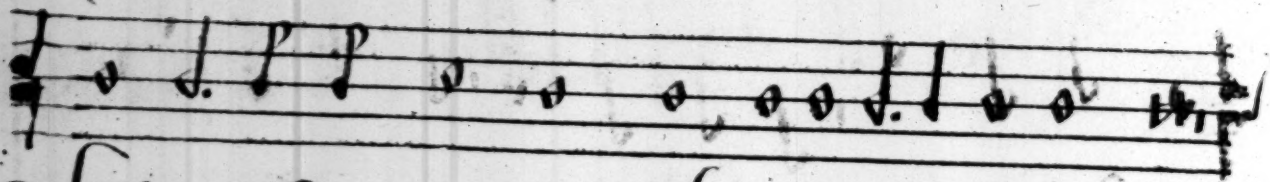


for joy to here for joy to here how she be gan to syng bles syd

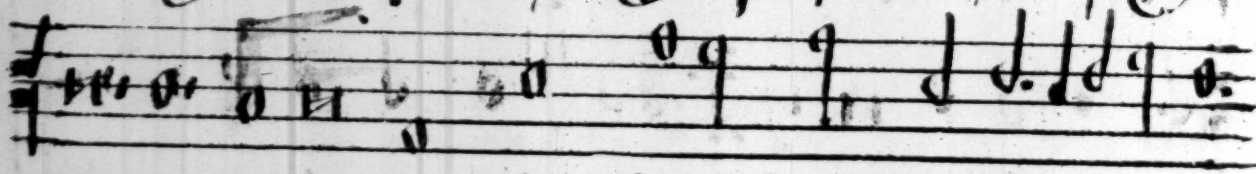


She seyd yng lond awake keyes bothe nyght & dey and bin

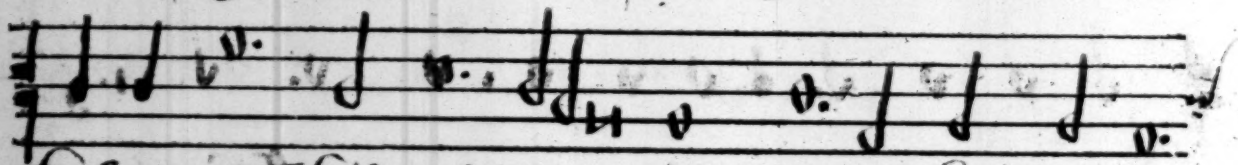




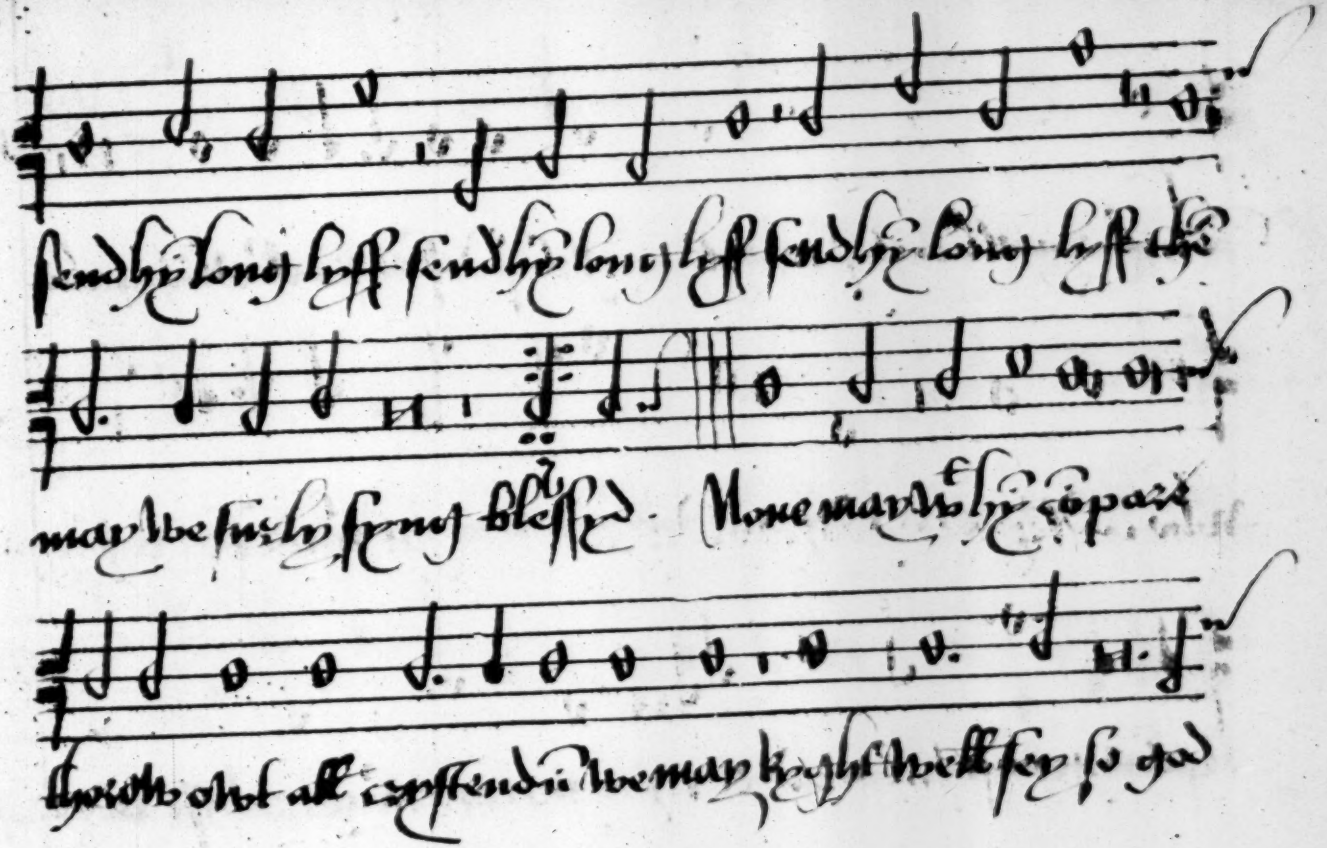
This excellent prince of myght pe defender of our feythe

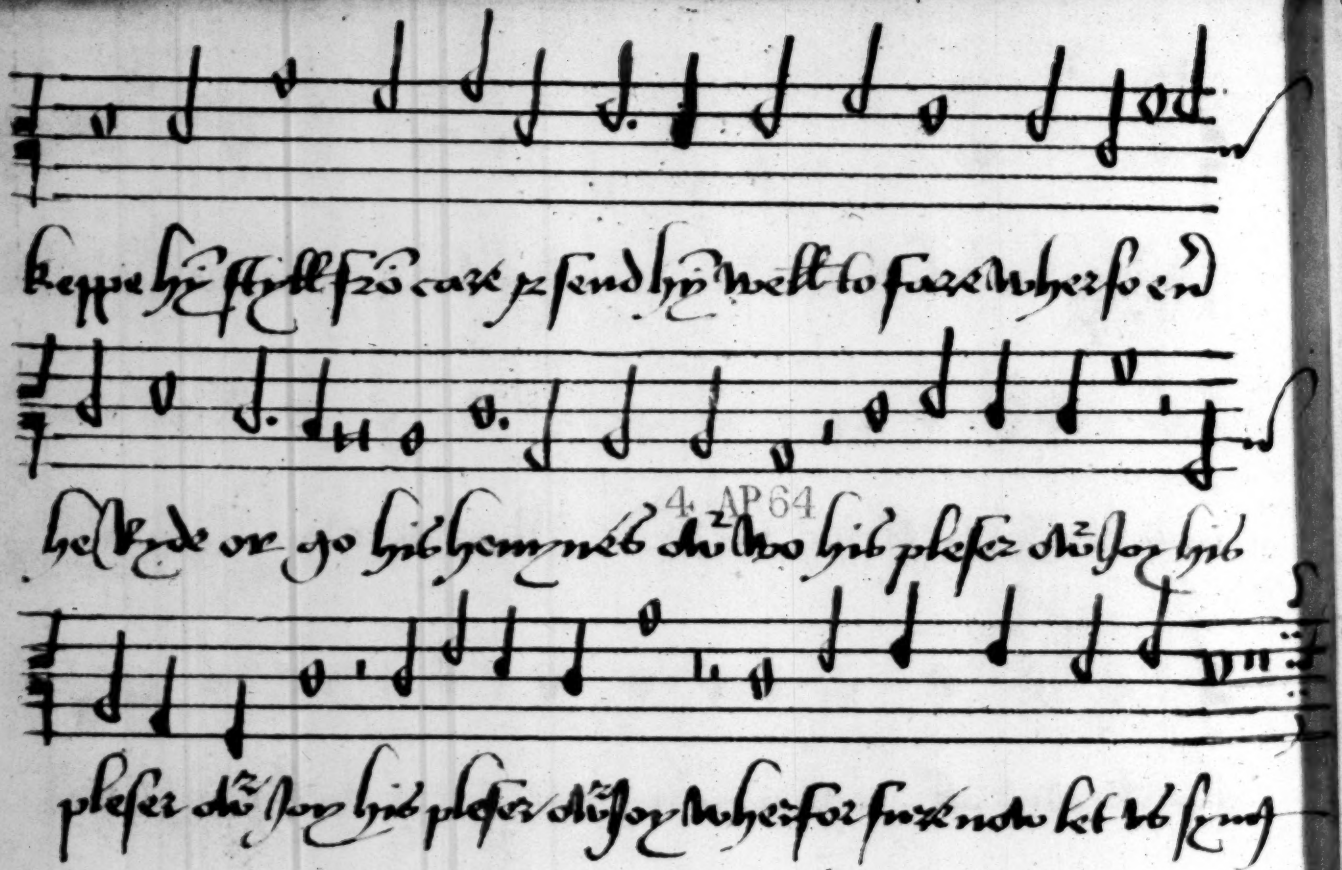


Who can sey nay gods own chosen knyght wt thē for to fyght



that ageynst his word do sey now lord as thou best may


sendhy long lyff sendhy long lyff sendhy long lyff the
may we sure ly syng blessyd. None may wt hy compare
thorow owt all crystendum we may kyght well sey so god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Triplex.

In this boke ar cõteynyd .xx. cõges. ix. of iiii. ptes/ and .xi. of thre ptes

iiii. partes.

Pater noster Cornysh
By by Pygot
Shye may be callyd Alywell
The bella Tauernar
My loue mournyth Gwynneth
Pleasure it is Cornysh
Cõcordãs musycall. Cornysh
Ut re my fa sol la. Fayrfax
Ut re my fa sol la Cowper

iii partes.

In youth. Cowper
Beware my lytyll fynger
So great vnkyndnes Cowper
who shall haue my fayr lady. Jo
Mynyon goo trym
Joly felow Joly
And wyl ye serue me soo
My harte my mynde Tauerna
Loue wyll I Tauernar
My hartes lust Fayrfax
Fa la soll Cornyshe

Anno dñi. M. cccccc. xxx. Decimo die mensis Octobris.